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RICHARD PETERS
HIS ANCESTORS
AND DESCENDANTS

1810

— 1889

EDITED AND COMPILED BY
NELLIE PETERS BLACK

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RICHARD PETERS.
(1889.)

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"The lives of great men all remind us'
We may make our own sublime,
And departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time."

TO the younger generations of our family whose lives are yet to be lived, it is my pleasure to dedicate this short account of their ancestors. My hope and earnest wish is that they may emulate the example of the men and women whose worthy deeds are here portrayed, and live up to the motto: "*Sans Dieu rien.*"

NELLIE PETERS BLACK.

INTRODUCTION

I realize that "in the making of books there is no end." Consequently a few words of explanation should be given to convince my readers that there is a real and sufficient reason for the coming of this one into existence.

A very wise man whose good judgment and sound sense were only equalled by his tender love, said to me one day: "It has always seemed a great pity that an old man like your father who has led a public life so full of usefulness and activity, should leave no written record behind him. His experiences and his opinions of life and events, would certainly be of great interest and benefit to his children if they could be preserved."

The idea made a deep impression upon me, and in the summer of 1887, after a great deal of coaxing and persuasion, the reminiscences of my father's long and eventful life were given to me by his own lips.

He would lie on his sofa in a comfortable, restful position and talk, while with pencil and paper I would write down his words. He really seemed to enjoy looking back upon the milestones that marked the years from 1810 to 1887 and would linger over the recital as though there were so many other things he would like to recall. He dwelt very little upon the part he had taken in life, that seemed to him egotistical, neither did he try to recall the men of note whose lines of life had run parallel with his, the effort being merely to give the events that had made the deepest impress on his mind. These memories, however, would be incomplete without a little history of his part in the numerous schemes that have helped to make Atlanta the city she has become.

I have therefore asked several of his intimate business friends to aid me in my labor of love, and for their help I feel very grateful, especially as there is a sincerity in the words they have spoken of him which no one can doubt. Not only

was Atlanta benefited by his wise counsels, his unbounded enthusiasm, but the State of Georgia and many other States in the Union received the benefit of his experiments in many practical lines.

The decision to preserve these memories in book form for the benefit and pleasure of my father's children and grandchildren made me also realize that there was still another addition that should be made to the little book. Facts in family history, names and dates, are so hard to obtain that as a matter of convenience and for future reference, I have gathered up all the information from authentic and reliable sources that could be obtained relating to our maternal and paternal ancestors. If the work had been done twenty years earlier it would be much more complete and satisfactory. Such as it is I am glad to transmit to posterity this record of a pure and noble life and of an ancestry full of honorable names and deeds. I want to thank most sincerely each person who has so kindly given me information and assistance in this work and to assure those who peruse these pages that facts and dates have been verified most carefully before they were used. To Mrs. Richard Peters, of Philadelphia, my brother's wife, I am especially indebted for her researches and interest.

NELLIE PETERS BLACK.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF RICHARD PETERS

(1810-1889)



WAS born in Germantown, now a suburb of Philadelphia, in the year 1810, on November the tenth. My father's name was Ralph Peters; my mother's, Catherine Conyngham. She was a noble, self-sacrificing woman, devoted to her children, to whom she gave her entire life. Her father was David Hayfield Conyngham, from Dublin, Ireland, and was a strong Episcopalian.

The family was originally Scotch and came over to the north of Ireland about 1690, the date of the battle of Boyne, at the time of the conquest of Ireland by King William III. The Conynghams settled on lands adjoining the property of the Montgomerys, with whom there was a constant feud. At one time the Conyngham clan came over in considerable force from Scotland, thinking they were strong enough to take care of themselves and to cope with their enemies, but they were waylaid, and surrounded by the Montgomerys soon after their arrival and killed almost to a man. A few escaped to Holland and joined a foreign army. King William then passed an order making it death for a Conyngham or Montgomery to engage in a personal quarrel.

The spelling of the name of Conyngham has since then been changed again and again, at one time being Cunningham, then back to Conyngham. The same was the case with the name of Montgomery, it having been spelled at one period, Montgomerie. The Conynghams were in some way related to the Plunkets of Ireland, and have the same coat of arms as the present Marquis of Conyngham—which is a shock of hay in a field, surmounted by a fork, with the motto: "Over, fork over." A legend explains that an ancestor, a maiden, being at work

in a field when King Malcolm was trying to escape from his pursuers, with her fork covered him with hay and saved his life, for which act she was rewarded by her king. It is claimed that the family were descended from one of the old kings of Ireland.

My mother's father owned a number of shipping vessels under the firm name of "Nesbitt & Conyngham," of Philadelphia. He was ruined by French privateers, who captured all his vessels and never paid for any of them. He was eighty-five years of age, when he died in the year 1832, having received during his later years, the devoted, unselfish care of his two maiden daughters, my dear aunts, Ann and Maria Conyngham. These good women survived him for forty years, during which time their home was a haven of rest for two generations of nieces and nephews to whom they themselves were models of true and beautiful womanhood.

My father, Ralph Peters, was a very handsome man; he was educated to be a merchant, and for many years sailed as a supercargo for Stephen Girard, of Philadelphia. As a financier, he was not a success; he started business for himself by sending a vessel to China for teas under a supercargo—one of the Biddles of Philadelphia—who neglected his business and allowed the Chinese to cheat him with a cargo of willow leaves instead of tea. The one voyage was so disastrous my father never recovered from the loss and remained poor the balance of his life, being supported by his father.

My grandfather, Judge Richard Peters of Pennsylvania, is so well known in the annals of his country that I scarce need speak of him here. As the contemporary of General Washington, Secretary of War under his administration, and judge of the United States District Court of Philadelphia until the time of his death in the year 1838, his name was honored and revered. His witticisms were celebrated, a manuscript book of which we highly prize. The old Judge owned thousands of acres of land in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, in the coal and iron regions, paying taxes on which kept him poor all his life. At his death his sons neglected to do this and the

lands were sold for taxes. If they had been held, the Peters family would have been one of the richest in America.

His coat of arms may still be seen at Belmont, the old family homestead, now a part of Fairmount Park. He was the son of William Peters, a merchant of Liverpool, England, who came to this country upon the death of his wife, to forget his grief. He admired the site of Belmont on the Schuylkill, and obtained a grant of it from William Penn, a couple of years after his arrival in this country. His grief was consoled by his marriage to Mary Brientnall, of a well-known and highly respected family from near Philadelphia.

His second wife was the mother of three sons, Thomas, William and Richard. Thomas made his home in Baltimore, and was the ancestor of my cousin, Mr. Tom Peters, of Atlanta. William died young and Richard afterwards became Judge Peters. After the death of his second wife, he returned to England, and on his death, by will, he left his American estates to the children of his American wife and his property in England was given to the children of the English mother of whom I have never known anything except that she lived at Liverpool. My grandfather Richard received a college education, which prepared him for the high positions he afterwards filled with such honor in the early days of our country.

At the time of my birth, my parents resided in a small house near the famous battle-field surrounding the Chew House. My Grandfather Conyngham and his family also lived at Germantown at this time. I was sent to school at five years of age and remained at the same school until I was seven. I recollect my uncle teasing me about my sweetheart at this school, Kitty Fry, and they worried me terribly when I declared that I did not love her because she smelt of fish, her father kept a grocery-store and I suppose she handled his herring. I recollect crossing with my mother a wire foot-bridge at the falls of the Schuylkill; it was probably the first wire bridge erected in this country and swayed so much from side to side that it was dangerous to cross. This was probably when my

family moved to Belmont. I remember distinctly seeing the illumination in Philadelphia upon the occasion of the rejoicing over the declaration of peace between England and America. While watching this scene from one of the window spaces at Belmont, I fell and broke my arm. It was badly set by Dr. Chapman, afterwards the celebrated surgeon of Philadelphia, and has been crooked at the elbow to this day.

My father rented a farm of two hundred acres called the Bull farm, now in the center of West Philadelphia on the Lancaster turnpike, adjoining the land of the late Hare Powell. It is now densely covered with houses and is worth millions. My father started a butter dairy on a large scale and then sent milk to the city for sale, failing in both enterprises. He agreed to pay my grandfather one thousand dollars a year rent for the land, but could not pay one cent. The old gentleman became tired of this and decided to let my father act as agent for his wild lands in Bradford County. We removed, therefore, to a house near the permanent bridge over the Schuylkill, where we remained from 1820 to 1821.

While at "Bull Farm" I was sent to school to an English-woman. One day I was persuaded by my playmate, John Owens, to play truant. He ran away from me. I became so homesick that I climbed up a large cherry-tree where I could see the men plowing in our field. They also saw me and reported the fact at noon. My mother accused me of not having been at school, and very fortunately I acknowledged it. On Monday morning she wrote a note to the teacher asking her to excuse me, but I did not have faith in the contents of the note and buried it under a stone. Sure enough my teacher gave me quite a lecture and insisted that I should bring an excuse from home the next day. I was forced to dig up the note and deliver it when, much to my surprise, it was an excuse. This taught me a lesson not to doubt my mother and I profited by it.

My father was a very good shot and fond of hunting. I remember going out with him and following a spring branch that led towards the river. Near the Race Street bridge he

found both woodcock and wild pigeons. The latter had rice in their craws, showing the rapidity with which they had traveled from the Southern coast. While living at West Philadelphia, I went regularly to school for a year to the academy, about a mile from our house. At this time a favorite son of my mother, Henry, aged six years, died, and she could never speak of him after this or see his name without her eyes being filled with tears. I was sick with the same disease, scarlet fever, and recovered after a lingering illness.

Early in the year 1821, we moved to Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. The household goods were sent by wagon and our family travelled in a covered market-wagon, making the journey in three days. Our new home was rented for us by my uncle, John N. Conyngham, then a young practicing lawyer. It was large and comfortable, situated near the center of the village, and was known as the "Sutton House." We lived there for three years, during which time I attended school. My progress in mathematics was good, but I despised Latin, and the only "licking" that my father ever gave me was for failing to learn my Latin lesson. He struck me two or three licks with a whip-cord I had in my pocket, then apologized, and would not allow me to go in swimming that day for fear the boys would see the marks on my back. I suppose I deserved thrashing very often, but this is the only time I remember receiving one.

About the year 1823 or 1824, we moved again; this time to Bradford County, where he had built a large frame house in the middle of one hundred and fifty acres of newly cleared ground. This was the greatest error of his life; he bought the land, but never paid for it, when he could have settled on my grandfather's land only ten miles distant. We had no neighbors of education and refinement nearer than fifteen miles and no schools of any kind. I soon became deeply interested in the affairs of the place, working with the hands, breaking oxen, etc., and when the busy season was over, I enjoyed hunting and fishing. At this time, our family consisted of my sisters, Sallie, Ann, Mary and Nellie, and my brothers Ralph, John, William and Edward.

My Grandfather Conyngham with his daughters, Ann and Maria, visited us every year and this was the only redeeming feature of refinement and civilization known to the family. On one of these visits it was decided that I should be taken to Philadelphia to be sent to school. I was unwilling to go, but they caught me in the woods and I was sent to school for two years, Grandfather Peters paying for my schooling while my home was with Grandfather Conyngham. They rigged me up in an old suit and a white necktie of my uncle Tom Peters, who was a great society beau. A family council had been held, when it was decided that I was becoming too fond of the wild country life and that I had some talent in me worthy of being cultivated; therefore, they captured me and took me off in their carriage, an old vehicle hired yearly and driven by its owner, Jake Peters, who lived at Chestnut Hill, near Germantown. He was a German, in no way related to our family and was the father of Jake Peters, who for years kept "The Swan," a stage-house on Race Street, Philadelphia, and afterwards became an extensive mail contractor. He married four times and left sixteen stalwart sons to represent him, thus giving a widespread growth to the Peters name from his family.

During the two years of my school life at this period, Mr. Eustis was my very competent instructor, but the chief pleasure of the week was the Saturday morning trip to Belmont. Grandfather Peters and his daughter Sallie were very fond of me, as was Miss Molly Delaney. They all made a pet of me, but the old servants, especially the gardener, dreaded my visits, as I made such inroads upon the melons, figs, cherries, and pears in their various seasons. I hunted squirrels and partridges on the Belmont domains and set traps for rabbits and rats. An unfortunate pet pullet of the cook made a peck at one of my rat traps, and lost its bill. The cook was very angry and carried the chicken to my grandfather to enter complaint against me. He looked at it and said, "Never mind, old lady, I'll have a supplement put to that bill, and then it will be all right."

The old gardener, Henry, who was deaf as a post, and the farmer, a man of seventy, were Hessians. They were called "Redemptionists," and had been made prisoners during the Revolutionary War. Grandfather bought them under the agreement that they should redeem themselves by their labor.

Aunt Sallie was a splendid conversationalist, devoted to literary society, and after her father's death, removed to the city, where she was extensively known and admired among the literary cliques. Her society was much sought after; she was fully appreciated by many friends until her death took place at an advanced age.

In these early days I can recall the many discussions held at my grandfather's over the loss he sustained from the building of the dam in the Schuylkill. It ruined the shad-fisheries, his island opposite Belmont being a favorite landing-place for the nets of the fishermen, who paid him rent in money, besides two shad every day.

In the winter of 1821, when we lived at West Philadelphia, I skated on the Fairmount dam. The ice was much thicker than usual—probably this was only a year or two after the completion of the dam. Crowds of people congregated on the ice, oxen were roasted whole, and a regular carnival was held.

At this time there were but two bridges across the river, one was known as the Market Street, the other as the Upper bridge. This was at the foot of the water-works dam. There were no houses between the Delaware, Twelfth Street and the Schuylkill. Broad Street had been laid off, but very few houses built. Baldwin's locomotive works were among the first large buildings erected for manufacturing purposes. I have often skated on the brickyard ponds between Broad Street and the Schuylkill—they were numerous and must have caused much sickness in that section of the city.

Philadelphia, prior to 1819-1820, obtained its supply of drinking-water from wells not more than fifteen to thirty feet deep, and as there was but little sewerage, the water was certainly impure, leading to annual pestilences of all kinds, including yellow fever. The city was lighted by whale-oil

lamps and the watchmen cried the hours throughout the night. I recollect going to mail a letter to Columbus, Miss., in the post-office which was located on Chestnut Street, near the corner of Fourth, in a small house not over seventeen feet wide in front. I approached the window, from which one pane of glass was gone, and standing on a small platform handed my letter in the opening, paying the regular postage, twenty-five cents, for the letter. This was, I think, about the year 1827. I remember also the appearance of the present Washington Square; in those days it was the "potter's field" and was dotted about with graves here and there, overshadowed by forlorn-looking trees.

The row of market-stalls in the center of Market Street extended from "River Front" to Eighth Street. Beginning at the river, first came the fish market, next were the stalls for country produce of all kinds as it was brought in by the farmers, then the wheat markets followed last of all.

About this date Philadelphia had the monopoly of the foreign shipping business. There were several lines of clipper ships carrying both passengers and freight. My Grandfather Conyngham always contended she would keep the control of the shipping because in the event of war, the Delaware River could be defended, whilst New York harbor, being so exposed, could easily be bombarded by the enemy. The opening of the Delaware and Raritan Canal was the first blow Philadelphia received; this was between the years 1830 and 1835. The shipping was very soon directed to New York; goods for Philadelphia being sent forward by the canal. My grandfather lived to see that his theory was not correct.

At the close of my two years of schooling in the city for which Grandfather became very tired of paying, I returned to the Bradford County farm for a year. It was at this time Judge Peters deeded a thousand acres of land to my father in trust for me, to provide for my college education; but through carelessness and neglect, the deed was not recorded and the land was sold for taxes without having done me the good that was intended.

The season spent at the farm was pleasantly occupied with fishing, hunting for deer and other game. The country life and healthful exercise prepared me well to make a success subsequently as a civil engineer. My rugged constitution was formed there, and I could outwalk and outwork any of the assistant engineers when in the field, and my services were always in demand.

In the spring of the year, my father gave me the privilege, with our hired man, of making maple sugar from our fine sugar-trees. We were to make the troughs, gather and boil the sap, and have half the yield of the sugar. We worked during February, March and April, making about eight hundred pounds. We took our share to Towanda and sold it for six cents a pound, half cash and half in trade, so my share of the money was twelve dollars, and as it was the first money I had ever made, I was very proud of it.

As luck would have it, I met at Towanda a school-boy friend from Wilkesbarre, who told me he was employed as a rod-man on the survey of the Susquehanna Canal at a salary of one dollar and fifty cents a day. This boy, Houghton Robison, had always been considered very dull at school, and I came to the conclusion I could do as well as this and that it would pay me better than a country school at ten dollars a month for which I had expected to make application.

Through the influence of my uncle, Richard Peters of Philadelphia, a position was obtained for me in the office of the celebrated engineer and architect, William Strickland, who years after constructed the capitol at Nashville, Tenn., and is buried in a block of stone inserted in the wall of the building.

On my arrival in the city, I called at once upon Mr. Strickland at his office. He looked me over, asked for a specimen of my writing and what I knew about drawing and mathematics. On showing him my writing, which looked very much like a spider's track over the paper, he promptly told me that I would not suit, but he advised me to study drawing, mathematics, writing, to attend lectures for a year and then come to him again.

I took his advice and applied myself most diligently to work under the best teachers, among others Mr. George Hazelhurst who came to Georgia as a civil engineer on the old Monroe Railroad—from Atlanta to Macon. Associated with Mr. Hazelhurst on the same road were Daniel Griffin and Louis M. Whittle, who were among my best and most honored friends, until each passed off the stage of life. Mr. Griffin made Columbus his home; Mr. Whittle settled in Macon. Each filled positions of trust and honor in their towns.

After taking lessons and attending lectures at the Franklin Institute for eighteen months, I called upon Mr. Strickland again and he put me to work in his office at the corner of Ninth and Walnut Streets. He had a number of important buildings under his supervision at this time, the Arch Street Theatre, the United States Mint, on Chestnut Street, and the new Medical College on Ninth Street being of the list; the United States Bank on Chestnut Street had just been completed under his supervision. I made nearly all the working drawings for the mint and the college. My fellow student, who worked upon these drawings with me, was a son of the late Commodore Rogers, of the United States Navy. Neither of us had any talent for drawing and Mr. Strickland had to do much of the work himself. He was a splendid draughtsman, a genial, clever man, fond of society and lived beyond his income. As a natural consequence his family of children turned out badly.

I was in his office six months when my eyes were opened to the fact that I was not calculated for an architect by a singular circumstance. An apprentice to the brickmaking business copied some of the drawings I had made, and on seeing them Mr. Strickland sent for the boy and immediately took him into his office. This young man was the celebrated Waters, afterwards the architect of the Capitol and public buildings of Washington. I found he could accomplish more in one day than I could in a week so I applied to Mr. Strickland for the position of civil engineer on the Delaware Breakwater, he having been appointed chief engineer of that work. My business was to measure the rock and count the perches in

each loaded vessel, for which I was to receive sixty dollars a month. After six months of this work, the system of receiving the stone from the vessels as they anchored was changed to merely counting the number of stones thrown off and giving a certificate of the correctness of the bill of lading. I concluded there was no knowledge of engineering to be gained in such a business and resigned my position.

During my residence at the Breakwater, I received a letter from my father enclosing a ten-dollar bill, saying that he then had plenty of money, having been successful in coal speculations in Pottsville, Pennsylvania. I returned it and wrote him that I had all the money I could use, also that I could get along and take care of myself. This is the first and only money I can ever recollect his giving to me. On returning to Philadelphia, I found him at Grandfather Conyng-ham's benoaning his fate. A panic had seized the coal men in Pottsville, and he had lost every dollar he had invested and was in debt besides to the amount of five thousand dollars. This was his last attempt at making money. He had given his notes for this amount, and was in daily fear of the sheriff; twenty years after I paid these notes from the proceeds of his estate.

My Uncle Richard obtained for me a situation with Major Wilson, who was about to start the survey of the Camden and Amboy Road, as rodman at one dollar and fifty cents a day. Lieutenant Cook, of the United States Army, had charge of one party and J. Edgar Thomson of another. I assisted in the survey from Amboy to Bordentown, and recollect the commotion we made when hewing a path through the shrubbery in the grounds of Lucien Bonaparte. The travel between Philadelphia and New York was by steamboat to Brunswick and Amboy, thence by stage to Delaware River and by steamer from there to the city. John and Robert Stevens owned the transportation lines and were the projectors and chief owners of the new railroad. Ervin Stevens spent much of his time with our corps of engineers.

Major Wilson having received the appointment of chief engineer on the Philadelphia and Lancaster Road, now a division

of the Pennsylvania Central, I was transferred there for five years, until the completion of both tracks, being the only engineer who was on the road at its commencement. I was soon appointed assistant engineer and carried the level. On the completion of the work to Coatesville, I became a division assistant, and was located at Downingtown, under Hazel Wilson, the principal assistant, a son of the Major.

As one location was made in the years 1830 and 1831 before it had been ascertained positively that locomotives could be employed to advantage, the line of road was constructed for horse-power, with six-hundred-foot curves put in wherever a hundred dollars could be saved. The grades from the Schuylkill River were considered too heavy for horse power, being about sixty feet to the mile, therefore an inclined plane worked by a steam engine and ropes was located at Belmont.

The first track was laid with a strap rail on a long stone sill, kept in position by broken rock well rammed and two feet deep to protect it from frost. This was thought at the time to be the best track that could be adopted for permanency. It worked very well for horse-power, but as soon as locomotives were used upon it, in 1835, it proved worthless and had to be changed. The upper portion of the road was laid with stone blocks imbedded in broken rock. The chairs to receive the rails were kept in place by bolts driven into holes bored in the rock. The short twelve-foot rails were fastened by keys between the rails and the chairs, on the curves shorter rails being used, as short as six feet, I think. This style of rail did pretty well until the locomotives were used, then all had to be replaced by other rails and crossties.

During the construction of the road, I had charge of the viaduct at Coatesville. The stone piers were nearly eighty feet high. It proved to be the best structure on the road, and the piers now support the iron bridge of the Pennsylvania Central. Edward F. Gay succeeded Major Wilson as principal engineer after his death, and Daniel Griffin, afterwards of the Monroe Railroad in Georgia, was principal assistant.

On the completion of the first track, a line of horse-cars running at the rate of ten miles an hour, two horses tandem for each car, was placed upon the road, stage bodies forming the passenger coaches on the car trucks. A line of freight-cars run by horses, one car a day each way from Philadelphia to Lancaster, was then started running at night. This was soon increased to two cars each way and when an opposition was started, the owner of the original line requested me to appeal to the railroad commissioners on his behalf to prevent its completion, saying he would be ruined. However both tracks were completed in the fall of 1834. Colonel Long built a locomotive which was tried in 1833, but it proved to be a failure and was abandoned. I think other locomotives were placed on the road in 1835-1836. They were all built by Baldwin.

In November, 1834, I returned to Philadelphia and remained there until February of the next year. I spent all the money I had saved during the five years—three hundred and fifty dollars—paying my board and frolicking with “the boys,” and then I received an appointment from J. Edgar Thomson, who had accepted a position as chief engineer of the Georgia Railroad from Augusta to Athens. I at once went by stage to visit my mother and the family at Bradford. I made a short visit and on my return trip came very near freezing to death in the stage coming over Pocomo Mountains. I was saved by an officer of the army who had a splendid robe made from wolf skins which he had killed in Ohio, then the far West. He wrapped me up in this, gave me a drink of whiskey and soon had me well warmed up.

I was at home one week. This was the last time I ever saw my mother. The family soon after this moved to Towanda, and there my brother John died of scarlet fever and was followed to the grave by my mother, who died from the same disease. They were both buried in the cemetery at Towanda, Pennsylvania. My brother Edward, who was then a baby, became deaf and dumb from the same disease, and was after-

ward educated at the Deaf and Dumb Institute in Philadelphia, remaining there six years at the expense of my father's estate.

In order to make the trip to Bradford I had to sell the heavy gold outside case of the watch I inherited from Grandfather Peters, the watch itself being now the property of my son Richard. A jeweler on Chestnut Street pronounced it very pure gold and allowed me twenty-five dollars for it. I returned with five dollars of this sum in my pocket, having debated a long time whether to give it as a present to my mother. She died so soon after this I always regretted not giving it to her and could not bear to spend it. I carried it in my pocket as a "luck penny" for twenty years, when it finally disappeared.

To arrange for the trip to Georgia I had to apply to my dear Aunt Ann. She wrote to her brother, John N. Conyng-ham, of Wilkesbarre, and he loaned her one hundred dollars, which she turned over to me, as I did not wish the family to know I was out of funds. This money I returned a few days after my arrival in Georgia by getting an advance from the company on my salary.

I started South when the snow was nearly six feet deep in Philadelphia, and at New York embarked on a miserable side-wheel steamer to Charleston. We arrived there in a snow-storm and it took us two days to reach Augusta by rail. This was in February, 1835. I found Mr. Thomson with the engineer corps ten miles from Augusta. The next day we went into the field but we had to give up the work, this being the famous "cold Friday" which is remembered to this day by Georgians.

I had contracted to work for a thousand dollars a year. Mr. Thomson having decided to get on without an assistant superintendent, we were all on a par. There were two Southern assistants, Goode Bryan and Edward Bonner, and one Northerner, Edward Tillman. In a short time we were joined by Lewis N. Whittle, from Norfolk, Virginia, who afterwards became superintendent of the old Monroe Railroad. I soon

found, however, that my knowledge of engineering was superior to that of my fellow assistants, my forte being location.

I was soon promoted and made principal assistant at a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year, having the location of the entire road to Greensboro and a portion of the Athens branch under the supervision of J. Edgar Thomson, who visited the camp and revised the line, and my great effort was to so locate the line that he could not better it by a change. I revised each ten miles, and let out the contracts.

We started on the location by taking our chances for board on the line of the road and were often insulted by the piny-woods people, who looked upon us as adventurers hired to build a railroad to break up their trade with the wagoners. To overcome this difficulty I made a requisition on the company for a camp outfit and found the new arrangement a great improvement, as we had no further trouble from inhospitable hosts and finished locating the road without any difficulty, especially as it was known that the whole party was well armed.

As the line of the road followed a ridge nearly the whole distance, it was an easy location to make and if the work had to be done over at this time but few changes could be made to advantage.

In October, 1837, Chief Engineer Thomson came to our camp near Greensboro and much to my surprise informed me that I was to take charge of the road as superintendent, with Augusta as my place of residence. I replied that I would go if he would advance my salary to twenty-five hundred dollars a year. This he agreed to and I at once started for Augusta, remaining in charge as superintendent and general agent until 1845 when Mr. Fred Armes, now deceased, succeeded me.

I was quite successful in keeping down expenses and was highly complimented; but the life of a superintendent then was very different from that of the present day, as we charged very high rates and ran our trains at the speed of ten miles an hour. The strap rail on the wooden stringers was a constant source of run-offs and other accidents.

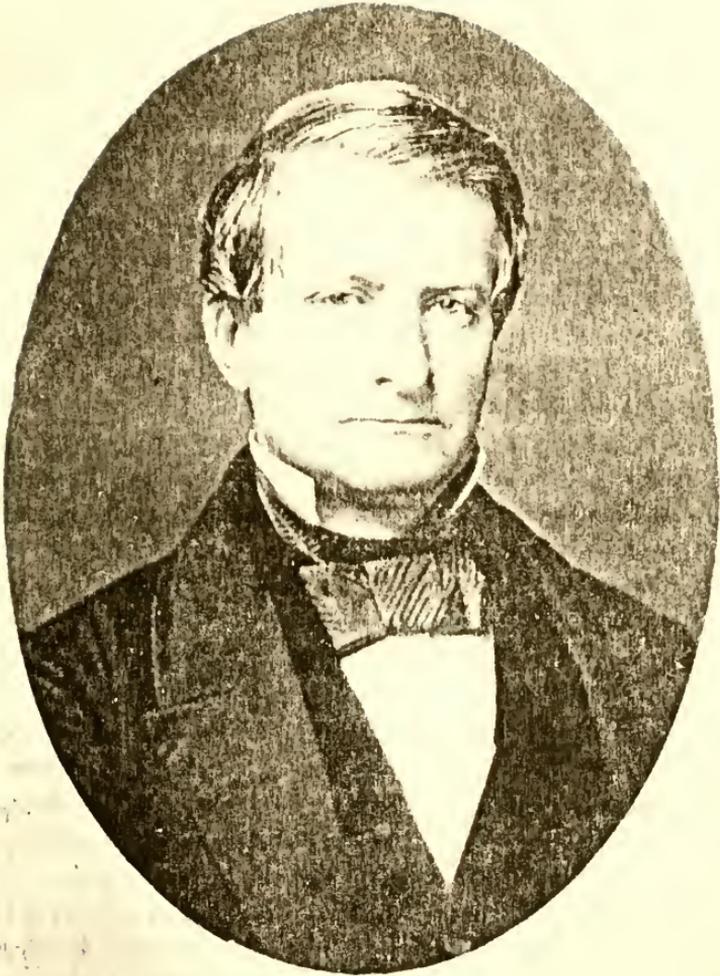
I invested my surplus salary in the stock of the company, and when the Georgia Railroad Bank suspended specie payment on account of the bad management of the Athens directors and President Dearing, and the stock dropped from par to twenty-five dollars per share during the panic of 1840, I purchased all the shares I could manage to pay for. I also owned a steam sawmill and purchased largely of pine lands on the line of the road at a very low price. I always had the interest of the company in view and never received commissions from persons furnishing materials for the road.

I worked hard for years trying to invent a spark-arrester and in arranging for headlights for the engines and sleeping accommodations for the passengers, as ours was the first railroad of any length in the United States that risked running at night. The result of my experiments was a wooden shelf which projected in front of the smokestack of the engine, this was covered with sand upon which pine-knots were burned at night. This was the first headlight to an engine ever used and foreshadowed the brilliant electric lights which now illumine the track of the locomotives of the present day.

Pullman's sleeping-cars were also anticipated by the arrangements we made for the comfort of our passengers. Under my direction boards were laid across the seats, upon these the valises, shawls and bundles made improvised pillows while the weary traveler stretched himself out for a night's rest, thus the first sleeping-car was inaugurated. What a wonderful evolution from this primitive arrangement to the "palace sleepers" of the present time. We found after a year's experience that we had fewer accidents at night than in the day time.

In the year 1841 the Augusta merchants subscribed liberally to the stock. The control was thus transferred from Athens to Augusta and the Hon. John P. King was elected president.

In the year 1844, I purchased horses and coaches and located a stage line from Madison, Georgia, to Montgomery, Alabama, running a daily schedule. This line I paid the com-



RICHARD PETERS.
(1848.)

pany for in 1845, and resigned my position as superintendent of the Georgia road. I compromised with the opposition lines and arranged for a through ticket from Charleston to Montgomery for twenty-six dollars and fifty cents, the stage portion being ten cents a mile.

During the Mexican War this travel was very largely increased and the owners all made money rapidly. We continued the stage business until it was gradually closed up by the completion of the Atlanta and West Point Railroad and the road from West Point to Montgomery. Our stages were then transferred to the road between Montgomery and Mobile. We continued this line, carrying the United States mail without any profit until the days of secession in 1860 and 1861.

In 1846 the Georgia Railroad was completed to Atlanta, then known as Marthasville. This name had been given the place by my old civil engineer friend, Charles F. M. Garnett, when chief engineer of the Western and Atlantic Railroad, in honor of Miss Martha, a daughter of Governor Lumpkin. When the Georgia road was completed to this terminus, I consulted our chief engineer, Mr. J. Edgar Thomson, about changing the name of Marthasville because it was so long to write. After several letters on the subject he proposed the name Atlanta to designate the terminus of the Western and Atlantic road. This he referred to in his letter thus: "Atlantic, masculine; Atlanta, feminine, a coined word but well adapted." I accepted it at once and issued circulars by the thousand for distribution throughout the country from Augusta to Tennessee, stating the fact of the completion of the Georgia Railroad, giving the rates of freight and passage, the passenger rate being five cents a mile, the freight, fifty cents per hundred pounds. The headlines read, "Completion of the Georgia Railroad from Augusta to Atlanta."

The name gave universal satisfaction, except to my friend Garnett, who was very much annoyed, but he could not overcome the popular move and at the next meeting of the Legislature a charter was granted to "Atlanta." The original name was Whitehall, but this was really the name of the first post-

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office located at the present "West End." Fred Armes was appointed postmaster at Whitehall, and on the office being removed to Atlanta, Wash Collier became the postmaster.

The site of the depot was obtained by Mr. Garnett as a donation to the State from Mr. Mitchell who owned a two-hundred-acre tract. I received from him for the Georgia Railroad, as a donation, the ground on which their depot is now located and also a portion of the lot on which St. Philip's Episcopal Church is situated.

In 1845, I think, there were three or four log houses in Atlanta built by the original settlers, but the first frame house was erected by Mr. Garnett for the State as an office. It was a very plain building with two rooms downstairs and two above; this was in 1845 or 1846. The location was on Wall Street, between the present passenger depot and Mr. Kiser's store.

Mr. Garnett about this time completed the freight depot, a brick building of which he was very proud. He arranged for doors at one end for three tracks, that for the Western and Atlantic Railroad being in the centre and a track each side for the Georgia and Central roads with platforms between each. Both tracks held two cars which were to be pushed in and out by hand. This he considered a superb arrangement as the freight from the Western and Atlantic could be transferred to and from the Central and Georgia railroad cars with great facility. He also built a machine-shop of brick, located south of the east end of the present passenger depot, and purchased in Philadelphia at my suggestion a stationary engine for the shop from M. W. Baldwin, who was then located in Lodge Alley, Philadelphia.

I had seen this engine when at work driving machinery in the construction of the first locomotives made in Philadelphia. It was used for years in the State road shops and is still in existence in a sawmill near Stone Mountain.

The first locomotive used on the State road was purchased by Mr. Garnett from the Georgia road. It was a small engine with one "driver" and a truck, called "The Florida." In the

year 1844 it was hauled from Covington by mules on a wagon, it soon got out of repair and was renewed after the completion of the Georgia road.

I made my first visit to Atlanta in a two-horse vehicle belonging to the stage line. I started from Covington, passing through Decatur to the present site of Atlanta, thence to Newnan by the Whitehall road. This was in 1844. My next visit was in 1845, on the completion of the Georgia road. Judge King and Mr. Armes were with our party on the first trip made by our engine. We made the run from Augusta in twelve hours and slept in the office of Mr. Garnett upon mattresses laid on the floor. The lower rooms were used as an eating-house by Dr. Joseph Thompson, the owner of a hotel in Decatur, from which place he brought his supplies. It was after dark when we arrived and Judge King unfortunately fell in a well which was being dug. It was only ten feet deep and we soon pulled him out, but he was highly disgusted and for years would not buy Atlanta real estate.

Strange to say, the three railroad kings of that day, Colonel Long, who located the State road; C. F. M. Garnett, his successor; John P. King, president of the Georgia Railroad; and J. Edgar Thomson, afterwards president of the great Pennsylvania Railroad, could see no speculation in town lots in Atlanta, when Mr. Mitchell offered four-acre blocks on Whitehall and Alabama streets for one hundred dollars per acre. Colonel Long was offered a half interest in a two-hundred acre tract on Marietta street, adjoining the Mitchell tract, for five hundred dollars. He declined because, he said: "Atlanta will be a good location for one tavern, a blacksmith-shop, a grocery-store and nothing else." He had made the selection of the place where the State road was to end so as to best serve the Central and Georgia railroads, the natural situation of the ground being suitable for the entrance of the lines from Macon and Augusta.

From the time I became superintendent of the Georgia road, Augusta was our headquarters and my home was at the celebrated boarding-house of Mrs. Hall, on Broad Street, oppo-

site the post-office. When business brought me to Atlanta I boarded with Dr. Joseph Thompson, who occupied the brick hotel which had been built by the Georgia Railroad Company. Here I met his eldest daughter, Mary Jane, and fortunately, for me, fell in love with her. We were married on Friday the 18th day of February, 1848, and from that day to this I have never had any reason to regret my choice, as she has proved the most faithful and loving wife, devoted to me and our children, all of whom I have reason to be proud of, as there is not a black sheep in the family.

But few couples in the world could have gone on in prosperity and happiness for so long a time, next February being forty years since our marriage. We lost two infant children during the war, named respectively "Joseph Thompson and Stephen Elliott." The others, seven in number, May, the youngest, next Quintard, then Catherine, Edward, Ralph, Nellie and Richard, the youngest being now nineteen years of age, and Richard, the oldest, nearly forty.

A year before my marriage I purchased from Samuel G. Jones his house and two-acre lot at the corner of Mitchell and Forsyth streets for the sum of fourteen hundred dollars. There we resided, and there all my children were born. In 1881 I sold this property for the sum of eighteen thousand dollars and we removed to Peachtree Street after the completion of our new home.

In 1847 I purchased my farm in Gordon county. Having gone there on a deer hunt and being struck by the similarity of the land in Oothcaloga Valley to the lands of Chester county, Pennsylvania, I determined to purchase and have held the farm up to the present time. For the details of my experiments with live-stock and farming, see an article headed "Forty Years All Told," published by Henry W. Grady in the *Atlanta Constitution* of 1885.

To secure a stable and pasture for my cows in Atlanta, I bought near my home on Mitchell Street some eight or ten acres. One of these lots was purchased from me by the Central railroad and upon it was erected their freight depot. I

afterwards sold three lots at prices varying from five to ten thousand dollars per acre.*

In the year 1856 I formed a company and built the largest flour-mill then in the Cotton States, driven by an eighty horse-power steam engine. We made two unsuccessful runs with the mill, one in connection with my brother William, the other with Wm. P. Orme and Dr. W. P. Harden. The loss amounted to over twenty thousand dollars, this was occasioned by the success of the Etowah Mills, owned by Hon. Mark A. Cooper. He was constantly in need of cash to run his iron works and forced his flour on the market at less than cost, compelling us to do the same.

I held the mill for a year or two and finally sold the engines at more than their cost, for gold, to the Confederate government for their powder-mills at Augusta. The lot upon which the mills stood, costing six hundred dollars, was sold to the Georgia Railroad and Banking Company for twenty thousand dollars, thus paying my losses on the mill, the other stockholders having sold out their interests to me.

In the end this venture proved very profitable as I had bought, in order to secure firewood to run the engine, four hundred acres of land on Peachtree Street, paying for it five dollars an acre. Portions of this land have been sold for one to two thousand dollars an acre. On this tract I have built a new and comfortable home which is deeded to my wife.

In 1860-61 I took an active part in trying to prevent the secession movement, my opposition to the measure being based on the fact that failure and the blotting out of slavery would be the result. Very few of the Southern people were conscious of the power of the North. They had been kept in perfect ignorance by politicians and were not aware that the whole civilized world opposed slavery, more especially the English nation. (See letters of Mr. Stephens).

My lifetime old friend, Judge John P. King, of Augusta, was a Union man at the start and at the end; he prophesied

* NOTE.—On this same tract of land the new passenger depot is now being built (1904).

the failure of the Southern cause and wrote daily, able articles against secession. A large majority of the thoughtful people of Georgia agreed with his views and were Union men but the "hot heads" of the South carried their point, South Carolina taking the lead by bombarding Fort Sumter, thus forcing the other Southern States to fall in line. For a few days after the first battle of Manassas, I had some hope of the success of the Southern cause, but my friend King soon convinced me that the Southern victory was a great misfortune. He believed if the Northern armies had captured Richmond with President Davis and a few of the leaders of the Confederacy, the war would have ended soon after the battle of Manassas. From this time to the end, I never again altered my opinion of the ultimate result, but tried to shape my course so as to save our property when the crash came.

Being afraid of confiscation and in hopes of making money, I joined a blockading scheme with Hon. V. K. Stephenson, R. T. Wilson and myself as the executive committee. The Crenshaws of Richmond were interested and the Confederate government reserved the privilege of loading one half the inward cargo. Our boats came into Wilmington. At first we were very successful, our first boats being the "Atlanta" and the "Celeste." The former was taken by the Confederate government as a cruiser. She made one trip along the coast and was lost off Nassau by striking a coral reef.

R. T. Wilson, with his family, ran the blockade successfully, as our foreign agent had contracted for quite a number of fast steamers on our account. One of them, the "Rattlesnake," had double engines with the capacity of two thousand bales of cotton. On her first trip she tried to get into Charleston, loaded to the guards with coffee. The pilot made a mistake and ran her into Bull's creek where she was shelled by the Yankee fleet and burned.

We had made something like three millions of dollars as a company at the winding up of the business at the close of the war. Each stockholder received in greenbacks the amount he had put in the business in gold. Each successful trip of a large

boat cleared us \$250,000. In Nassau we had nearly a million dollars worth of bacon, cotton ties, etc., all of which we lost.

We had not calculated on "Sherman's march to the sea." He sent an army corps to capture Fort Fisher, the key to Wilmington, which caused the capture of several of our boats; others we sold in South America, thus closing up a business which was hazardous, but very interesting and exciting. Had the port of Wilmington remained open a few months longer we would probably have made a very large fortune.

One great advantage gained was the abundant supplies that were available for our families. These were shared with many persons less fortunate. My good wife visited the hospitals daily, carrying delicacies for the sick and wounded Confederate soldiers.

We remained in Atlanta until the early morning of the day Sherman ordered the Chattahoochee bridge burnt. My family then went to Augusta on the last through train, in the same car with all the valuables of the Georgia Railroad Bank. I remained in Atlanta. The day after their departure we were advised that obstructions had been placed on the road. Being a director I procured an engine and ran down three miles below Decatur to inspect the road. We fortunately saw a mounted scout who advised us to return as quickly as possible to Atlanta, as he was looking for the Yankees to appear every moment.

At Decatur we offered to move the effects of the depot-agent, who had his cars loaded up, but he declined, saying he thought he would be safe a day or two longer. This was at ten o'clock in the morning. All was then serene, negroes plowing in the field and all work going on as usual. By eleven o'clock Decatur had been captured; the same evening a severe fight took place between Wheeler's cavalry and the Federals about three miles from Decatur.

As I recall our narrow escape from being captured, another exciting experience comes to my mind. While superintendent of the Georgia road, one day I took charge of a freight-train to relieve a conductor who had been taken suddenly ill.

Standing on the top of a car-load of cotton (round bales, on an open car), we passed under the bridge which crosses the railroad at Madison, when my head struck the bridge and I fell between the cars upon the trucks. The engineer fortunately looked back and saw me fall. He was running slowly at the time and jumping off his engine, ran back and pulled me off the trucks. He found me insensible, with my arms caught between the bumpers. I was carried to the home of Director Saffold in Madison and was there very kindly treated, a severe scalp wound being the extent of my injuries.

Another escape was at sea. On returning from the North by steamer to Charleston in the year 1837, we encountered a very severe storm off Cape Hatteras, the same storm which foundered the steamer "Home," north of Hatteras. We escaped death almost by a miracle after beating across Frying Pan Shoals, the fires being put out by the waves, drifting finally within a stone's throw of the shore near Beaufort, North Carolina. There the captain put out both anchors at three o'clock in the morning and to the surprise of everyone the ship was saved after being at the mercy of the waves for forty-eight hours.

The recital ended here, a far-away look came over the dear face and it seemed unfair to tease him to say more. As these faint echoes from an eventful past came into his mind and were recorded, a clear, white light seemed to shine upon his beautiful silvered head, for his was a clean, a pure life, one in whose remotest depths the searchlight of conscience found no dark stain, nothing deceitful or mean or low that feared to be revealed.

May we not truly thank God for this life well lived, the calm and peaceful entrance into the life eternal and the example given for those who are his descendants to follow.

At the close of the "War of the States," when Atlanta was in a condition of upheaval, with the streets torn up, many buildings destroyed and everything in confusion, it was deemed best by the authorities in Washington to declare military rule, Gen-

eral John Pope was ordered to take command. By a stroke of policy and good tact, Mr. Peters secured his good will. He suggested that a committee of citizens should go up the Western and Atlantic road to meet the general and bid him welcome to our city.

This courteous reception was so different from what General Pope had expected from hot-headed Southerners that it gave him a kind feeling towards our city and caused him to throw all of his influence with the men who felt Atlanta was the most central and appropriate place to carry on the government of the State. This eventually caused Milledgeville to lose the honor of being the capital of Georgia.

Enthusiasm, good-will and a love of his fellow-man, gave Mr. Peters a large influence in the various organizations to which he belonged. He often said the way to carry your point at a meeting was to make someone else introduce a resolution you wanted carried, and as soon as they felt a personal interest in it they would work hard to get the motion passed.

At home, with his boys and girls there were some quaint everyday maxims that they are not likely to forget—"Never cross a bridge until you come to it," he would say if they were anticipating some future worries. Then the old story of "I'll tickle you, and you'll tickle me," illustrated by the two boys who went out into the world to make their fortune; one was all for himself, the younger remembered to help others first—and the moral at the end, when the unselfish man became a complete success, while the self-seeker acknowledged his life a failure, was a lesson constantly taught his children. Also this jingle: "If the weather be wet, don't fret, if the weather be cold don't scold, but, with the weather that's sent, learn to be content." Another favorite saying which Mr. Peters illustrated in everything he did was his constant advice "Take both hands to what you do."

In everything he worked with all his energies—there was nothing that seemed too much trouble or too irksome if success was promised as the result. After the burning of the Kimball House, when the effort to rebuild seemed about to

fail, Mr. Peters suggested a social meeting should be held at his home to talk over the matter. Invitations were sent out, a goodly crowd of business men assembled, speeches were made full of the Atlanta spirit of *co-operation* by Governor Brown, James English, Governor Bullock, H. I. Kimball, Henry Grady, Hugh Inman and many others. Large subscriptions were made to the project and the erection of a new and better Kimball House was insured before the evening closed.

The following letters from Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, demonstrates the fact that there were others in the South who held the same opinion as Mr. Peters on the subject of secession:

Crawfordville, Ga., 9th Jany., 1861.

DEAR SIR:

YOUR letter with that of Mr. Thomson has just reached me. I have had no doubt from the beginning, ever since the rupture at Charleston and Baltimore that the object of the leaders of that movement was dissension.

I tried to impress upon the minds of the people during the late contention that the result would be just what we now witness, but my efforts were unavailing. What is to be the end I know not. That lies beyond the reach of human ken, but I fear evils not yet dreamed of by the people. What I can do to prevent impending danger will be done, but I confess that my hopes of resisting them are not strong. The times are distempered; the people are not in condition to be influenced by reason. I can say no more and this is for yourself only.

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

Crawfordville, Ga., 27th December, 1865.

MY DEAR SIR:

YOU must excuse the delay of my reply to your favor of the 20th inst. It has been unanswered by my absence for several days down at the old homestead a few miles away from here, attending to the settling, fixing and setting up my whilom bondsmen, who are to become my future tenants. I regret the delay thus caused. Allow me, however, now to say that I per-

sonally greatly favor to see Judge King in the Senate to any of those who are most likely as the prospect now is to go there. But about the main question you put, that is, how the presentation of his name would be received by the legislature, I am wholly uninformed. I have not the slightest idea. Men's opinions these days are so fickle, strange and unaccountable that it is impossible to form any rational conjecture concerning them. I do not intend myself to take any part in the election. I shall wish and hope for the best in all things, but to me the future is almost as gloomy, if indeed not more so than it was five years ago. Our public affairs for six years have been on the order of "malus, pejor, pessimus"—bad, worse, worst, and I fear we have not reached the "pessimus" point yet.

Yours truly,

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

To Richard Peters, Atlanta, Ga.

FORTY YEARS ALL TOLD

Henry W. Grady, that charming, versatile son of our Southland was a warm personal friend of Mr. Peters. We doubt if anyone less enterprising could have succeeded in obtaining the interview which we reproduce as it appeared in the *Atlanta Constitution* in 1883.

"Yes, sir," he said, "it was thirty-six years ago! More than a third of a century; and I have been a stock farmer from that day to this!"

My collocutor was Colonel Richard Peters—the veteran stock-breeder of the South. He had come up two pairs of steps without a bobble! and there he sat, rosy-checked, clear-eyed, steady-handed, breathing easily, and smiling like a boy of sixteen. He had come in to tell me of a trade he had just made in Angora goats.

"I expect," he said, "it is the largest lot of pure Angora kids ever sold in one lot in this country. There were just 100 kids of this year's dropping. The purchaser, a Texas breeder, gave me a check for \$4,000 for the 100 kids—just \$40 apiece. He bought them on the farm, he taking all risk and expense of packing and transportation. I have a flock of over 200 left that double \$4,000 couldn't buy. It is, perhaps, the largest flock of properly bred pure Angoras in the world—certainly in America."

I saw that he was willing to talk. There was a leisure hour at hand. A fresh breeze poured in through the window, as balmy as if it had been sifted through the bars of molten gold that checked the western sky. The last exchange fiend of the day, glutted with spoils, shambled through the dark corridors and vanished. Time and circumstances conjoined to tempt an interview. Here was a man of wealth, an enthusiast and a student who had given his life to his work, in which our people are still eager pioneers. Why shouldn't I get the lessons of his

life—the axioms that had hardened out of that thirty years of experiment, and lay them before those who are still in the experimental stage.

“Ah,” he said when I suggested this, “had I but known ten years ago what I know now I would be thousands of dollars better off. When I started my stock farm I was a pioneer in every sense. I was about the only breeder in the South. It looks to me now that I started everything on a wrong basis, and it took me many years to experiment and get right. I had no neighbors then who would try one experiment while I tried another. I had it all to do. In my thirty-six years I have dealt with almost every variety of grass, cattle, horses, sheep, goats, hogs, bees, chickens, to be found on the face of the earth. I have never spared money or trouble to give every experiment a fair trial. I have imported animals and grasses from every quarter of the globe. I once paid \$1,000 apiece for a flock of Angora ewes, and again \$1,000 in gold for a Brahmin bull. Many of my experiments have been very interesting.”

“Well, now for a talk. When did you buy your farm?”

After persuasion, and modestly—for he is modest, and as hard as an oyster to open—

“I bought a farm in Gordon county in 1847 from a Cherokee Indian. I had been pretty much over the State, having had charge of the locating and building of the Georgia railroad. I never saw any land I wanted until I saw the Oothcaloga valley. It struck me, because it looked like the Chester county lands in Pennsylvania, where I had been at work on the Pennsylvania road. I bought 1500 acres, and learned afterwards that the geological formation is exactly that of Chester county.”

“What did you do when you got the farm?”

“I started out on the theory that the western grasses would not thrive in Cherokee Georgia. Everybody said they wouldn't and I never thought of trying. I spent years trying to get a substitute for them. I sent to England, all over Europe and into Asia buying grasses, and I tried them all on a liberal scale. At last I have reached a conclusion that would have been worth thousands to me if I had known it ten years ago.”

"And that is?"

"That the best grasses for North Georgia are the well known grasses of the North and West, orchard grass, red clover and blue grass for the shade. Of these red clover is the best. In the past three years, I have put 250 acres in red clover. This is my process: I use a Kentucky drill which distributes the fertilizer and sows wheat and clover all at once. I take 200 pounds of pure ground bone—the best clover food—to the acre, and plant clover and wheat as I distribute the bone. When the wheat is ripe I cut it, getting from 15 to 20 bushels per acre. I then turn my stock in on the clover, and they have splendid pasturage till December. I take the cattle off and let the clover grow until about June. I then cut it, realizing from one to two tons per acre. I turn the stock in again and let them pasture on it until September, when the stock are removed and the clover allowed to grow as late as the middle of October, when it is plowed under. Again wheat is sowed, using about 150 pounds of bone-dust to the acre. The clover turned under—roots and foliage—enriches the land very much, and the second wheat crop is a fine one. Red clover is the basis of improvement in land and the basis of a wheat crop."

"Do you keep this up indefinitely?"

"No. After three or four years the land gets 'clover-sick,' as they call it, and needs a change of crops. About the fourth year I run in a corn crop, or cotton, if you like, on the clover land, and then start over with wheat and clover. I am sure that three years' treatment with bone-dust, wheat and clover, besides making safe and profitable crops, will leave your land at least 50 per cent. richer and stronger than before you started. If 1,000 Georgia farmers would try this schedule on 50 or 100 acres each, you would see the happiest results."

"Do you not cultivate lucerne?"

"In a small way. It requires the richest of land. It must be sowed in rows eighteen inches apart, using about 20 lbs. of seed and 200 lbs. of bone-dust to the acre in the drill. It requires to be plowed and harrowed every fall, using a rich top dressing of stable manure. If not thus treated, crab grass

and other native grasses will smother it out. It costs at least \$50 to prepare an acre properly for lucerne. It is an admirable grass when you do get it right. I have a lucerne patch, convenient to my stables from which I have made four cuttings a year since 1867 getting from three to four tons of hay per acre. The lucerne hay is very rich. It will fatten stock of itself. The Bermuda grass is good for summer grazing, but does only moderately well in Cherokee. It is better lower down in the State. The orchard grass is perhaps our most reliable grass. But the red clover is the great regenerator of our North Georgia lands and the best basis of our wheat crops. I have studied my lands for nearly forty years, and I know what they need. They need bone-dust and roots and foliage of clover turned under. These things also carry a fine wheat crop, besides enriching the land. I consider red clover the best thing for North Georgia."

A TALK ABOUT CATTLE.

"When you began to stock your farm what did you buy?"

"I bought three varieties of stock that were positively useless to me. Durham cattle, White Chester hogs, and South-down sheep. I lost many of each, and had to give all of them up. Let us take the cattle first. I started with Durhams. They soon showed themselves entirely unsuited to this climate. They didn't take on fat in summer—they ran to bone rather than fat—and they died of murrain by the wholesale. In spite of careful selection, each generation of Durhams grew smaller and more bony. Let me tell you—in all my experience, I have never seen a single Durham calf born of good parents south of Tennessee that did not grow up inferior to its parents. I have never known one exception to this rule. I see they are importing Durhams largely into Mississippi now, and that there are Durham and Holstein clubs being made up. I watch the experiment with interest, but I am afraid that it will turn out as all mine did.

"What succeeded your Durhams?"

"After them, I tried Devons. They are said to combine beef and milk qualities. I found this to be true, and I was re-

markably well pleased with them. They grew finely and appeared to prosper, but proved to be very liable to murrain, known as "Texas fever," or "Red-water," more especially when they were removed from my place to that of the purchaser, and I lost on my own farm over 50 head in two seasons. The experiment was a costly one, as my books show that I paid \$9,135 for Devons alone, and fully as much for Durhams, a big outlay in those days."

"And after the Devons?"

"The liberality of my purchases and the scale on which I was breeding, attracted general attention, and the celebrated naturalist, the late Dr. Bachman, of Charleston, S. C., urged me to try the Brahmin cattle—the sacred bulls of India—holding that they would thrive in our climate. I therefore began the experiment with Brahmins by paying \$1000 in gold for a pure bred, imported bull. My herd cost me \$3,505 in gold. The animals did excellently, and I thought I had solved the problem. They made fine beef cattle—wonderful—and some of them were extraordinary milkers. I had one grade Brahmin cow that yielded 36 quarts of milk per day. I exhibited her at the fairs and took premiums everywhere. But I discovered that the milk lacked butter-making qualities. Like the Holsteins and all Dutch cattle, where milk or cheese is the desideratum, there was a marvelous flow of milk, but small yield of butter, and that of poor quality. And then the Brahmins were the most malevolent animals in the world, with a distinctive aversion to women. I don't think I ever saw a Brahmin cow that a woman could milk. I thought I could improve the butter-making quality of the milk, and soften the vicious temper of the Brahmins by crossing them on the Devons, Alderneys and Guernseys. This cross was perfectly healthy. I never knew one animal to die of murrain. They made the best working oxen I ever raised. But the thin milk and vicious tempers still remained. You can't sell a vicious cow. The women get against them and that ends them. So the Brahmins had to go after a long, costly and hopeful experiment."

"And they were followed by?"

"In crossing my Brahmins with other animals, I had bought some very fine Guernseys from the original Nick Biddle herd. I fell in love with them because of their rich milk, gentle dispositions and adaptability to our climate. There was literally no objection to them. The Jerseys, however, of similar build and disposition, at this time came into notice. A Jersey "Herd Book" was established and by lavish outlay and careful breeding the Jerseys have been improved until as butter cows they now stand without equals. Had the Guernseys been taken up, they would probably have done as well. But the Jerseys became the fashion, and I drifted into them."

"And you stand by the Jerseys?"

"Oh, yes. I have a herd of over eighty registered Jerseys which I am enlarging by purchase and increase. Since 1876, I have paid \$8,170.00 for Jerseys alone. I do not at present sell any females, and have more demands for bulls than I can supply. I am perfecting my herd by breeding up to good families. I have two sons of Signal, to whom I am breeding my cows. Signal had thirteen daughters, nearly every one of whom became famous the world over as butter-makers. Tencella is one of his daughters and Optima is another, both owned in Georgia. I shall base my herd on the Signals, using as outcrosses the St. Heliers, Danncy Rioters, and Coomassie strains."

"Why do you principally breed to the Signals?"

"Because they are unusually well adapted to our climate and because it happened that when Signal's daughters made him famous, there were four Signal bulls and four Signal heifers in Georgia. This made them favorites with our people. I keep all my females, and by mingling in them the best butter strains to be found, regardless of expense, I will make my herd as perfect as can be."

"Is the Jersey the best cow for this climate?"

"Incomparably. I believe the Georgia climate is better for them than that of the Isle of Jersey. They do not take on fat readily when in milk, and this is essential here. They can be made into fine beef cattle too. A friend told me that he saw

in the North a pair of Jersey oxen. They were fully one-half larger than the Jersey cows, and superb beef and draught animals. They have become too valuable, however, to make oxen or beef of."

AS TO HOGS FOR GEORGIA.

"You found the White Chester hogs would not do for Georgia?"

"Yes. No white hogs will do for this climate. They take the mange invariably, unless you feed them on buttermilk and wash them in it, as they do in Pennsylvania. After the Chester White, I tried the Poland Chinas, Suffolks, Neapolitans, Prince Alberts, Berkshires and Jersey Reds, spending, as my books show, from 1847 to 1860, the sum of \$2,555.00 for hogs alone. I determined then that the best black hog was what we needed, and bought largely of Berkshires. These did remarkably well, taking on fat rapidly, and breeding well and proving hardy. But they developed into carnivorous beasts, and nearly ruined me by eating my chickens, lambs, kids, and their own young. Besides this, there was a wild streak in them that made them perfectly unmanageable when they ran in the woods or swamps. About the year 1856, I imported quite a number of Essex hogs. They suited me exactly. They are quiet and produce meat at less cost per pound than any hogs I ever saw. They will thrive on red clover alone. The red clover has calomel in it, and this seems to keep the hogs free of worms, their greatest enemy. I don't feed my Essex hogs one mouthful from the first of April to the 1st of December. They graze like sheep on the clover and in the woods pastures, where they fatten on mast and acorns. During the three winter months even, I do not give them more than half an ear of corn apiece a day. The Essex fattens to about 300 pounds, according to my experience, at one-third the cost of ordinary hogs. I have a herd of about 90 head and there is a brisk demand for all the pigs I can spare."

SOME VIEWS AS TO SHEEP.

"I made many experiments with sheep, trying the South-down first and then the Cotswold. I found that neither of these

thrived well in North Georgia. I then tried the Oxford Downs, the Leicesters and French Merinos, my books showing that from 1847 to 1859 I spent \$2,265 in buying sheep. I finally adopted Spanish Merinos as superior to any other breeds for this climate. They make a capital cross for our native sheep, giving weight and fineness to the fleece and hardiness to the constitution. I have recently given sheep up entirely, because I found I could fill my range more profitably with Angora goats."

THE PROFIT IN ANGORA GOATS.

"How did you get into the Angora goat business?"

"I bought in 1855 some Angoras from the first importation made to this country from Turkey in Asia. I paid \$1,000 apiece in gold for Angora ewes, an unequalled price then or since. They were known as Cashmere goats. I was so pleased with them that I made two heavy importations myself, buying selected animals from the best flocks in Asia Minor. These cost me \$250 apiece in gold. I then became satisfied that I could not get perfect animals in Asia. It is part of the religion of the Turk not to interfere with the natural run of his flocks. The goats were bred carelessly, some of them becoming parti-colored with heavy manes on the neck and along the backbone. It took me twenty years, breeding by selection to establish a perfect animal and get rid of the coarse mane. In breeding up to perfection, I found the males the only ones that had any effect. Selected males improved the stock no matter what the females were. I now have scores of finer Angoras than can be found in Asia. They represent twenty years of breeding by selection, and the sacrifice of every imperfect male."

"What is the value of the Angora?"

"The wool. It brings from 30 to 60 cents a pound, and a goat will average 3 pounds safely, per head. Formerly we had to ship the wool to England, but now the Tingle Mfg. Co., of Seymour, Connecticut, will purchase every pound to be had, paying the highest market price for it. The use of goat's wool is being increased rapidly. Formerly only fancy articles

were made with it. Now all the plush that you see on the seats of the railroad cars is made of it, and it is used for a great many other purposes."

"What is the advantage of Angoras over sheep?"

"They do not have to be watched as sheep do. They take care of themselves, and come home at night regularly without a shepherd, while sheep have to be herded and driven every night to the fold. They are hardier than sheep and live on less. You can count on a flock doubling every year, while sheep under the best circumstances only average 80 per cent. increase. They do not need to be put in close stables or pastures like sheep. They want a hillside range, where they can browse instead of grazing. In Asia they live on the leaves and shoots of the scrub oak. It is said they make excellent meat, especially the kids of half-breeds."

"Where are the main Angora flocks now?"

"In Texas principally because there is the best and cheapest range, and in New Mexico. My demand comes principally from that section, and I could sell each year double what I can spare. The interest in Angoras is increasing rapidly. Mr. Hays, the president of the Tariff Commission, has written an admirable book on the Angora, that incorporates the experience of most of American breeders. The hillsides of North Georgia would do well for the goats. Pure Angora bucks crossed on the native goats after eight or ten generations produce animals that you can not distinguish from the pure bred. At last we have realized the significance of the old adage, 'going to a goat's house for wool.' In olden days it was spoken in ridicule, but now we accept it as a verity."

ABOUT BEES, CHICKENS AND HORSES.

"What about bees?"

"I have about given them up. We do not have in North Georgia a reliable bee-plant, except white clover, and it is only good in dry seasons. The only reliable bee-*tree* that I know is the linden. In wet or dry seasons it is good, and it gives the bees what they must have, four to six weeks in which to work. The persimmon is capital, but only gives two or

three days of blossoms. The wahoo and tulip-poplar are good bee-trees. In localities where these can be found or where there is white clover, bees are fine investments. I had over one hundred colonies, but in North Georgia I could not get reliable seasons, so gave up my apiary."

"What about chickens?"

"The Plymouth Rock is the best chicken I ever tried, and I raise them exclusively."

"And how about horses?"

"I have almost quit breeding horses, because I find other improved stock more profitable. I am thinking, however, of importing a few Percherons. I bred a cross of the Morgan and Messenger that was wonderful for gameness and endurance. But I think the Percheron crossed on our common horses will suit our climate and make valuable roadsters."

DOES STOCK-FARMING PAY?"

"Has your stock farm paid you?"

"It is hard to answer that question. You see through what untried realms of experiment it has led me. I had to demonstrate by costly trial, many things that are now axiomatic. I spent nearly \$50,000 for different breeds of animals only to prove that they were not adapted to our climate and conditions. I have had to search and explore for everything from crops down to the best implements to plant them with and the best fertilizer to feed them with. It has always been my policy to get the best of everything, regardless, in a certain sense, of the cost. It has been my policy, too, to give my customers the benefit of every doubt."

"But does your farm pay now?"

"It unquestionably does. I have seen years when my Jersey butter alone nearly paid the expenses. I can give you the figures, for I keep them very carefully. The expenses of my farm, including the taxes, is less than \$3,000 a year. But put it at that figure. I sell annually from 4,000 to 6,000 pounds of Jersey butter, at 40 cents a pound at my station—and by the way I could sell 20,000 pounds if I had it. My report of sales for this year is as follows: 4,500 pounds of butter, \$1,800.

Angora goats, 100 kids, at \$40 each, \$4,000. Essex pigs, \$500. Wheat, \$1,500. Yearling Jersey bulls, \$800. Total, \$8,600. There are smaller incidental sales beyond these. And then I sold no Jersey heifers, keeping all my heifers and increasing my herd. You might easily put the unsold increase in my flocks and herds at \$5,000 for the year. Besides this, all my family supplies, such as chickens, eggs, butter, hay, pork, etc., are sent from the farm and not charged in my account, but make a considerable item. Oh, yes, you can say that my farm pays very handsomely now, and with the way made plain as to stock, grasses, etc., I see no reason why any intelligent man may not make stock-raising pay."

A VETERAN'S ADVICE TO FARMERS.

"After nearly forty years of liberal and intelligent experiments, what advice would you give the farmers of Georgia?"

"I think those who know me will acquit me of selfishness—and certainly those who know how readily I sell all the animals I can spare, will acquit me of any need of being selfish—when I say that one of the most important things is to improve the breed of our stock. It costs no more, in fact it costs much less to keep a good cow or hog than a poor one. For example, take a man who owns five or six scrub cows. If he will buy a good Jersey bull of a pre-potent family, the heifers of his first cross will give him 50 per cent. more butter, on an average, and of much finer quality, than their mothers gave. It is an axiom that the bull is half the herd. I have seen grades of the third cross that no one can tell by looks or butter from registered Jerseys. It is hard to calculate how much good a fine, vigorous Jersey bull can do in a country neighborhood. One mistake is frequently made that should be avoided. A half-breed bull should never be used to breed from. It is the male that lifts the grade, and a half-breed bull will lead a herd downwards no matter how fine the females may be. Where a Jersey bull is introduced, his sons should be killed for beef or used for oxen, and his daughters crossed to another pure-bred Jersey bull. In one cross any man will see such a dif-

ference that he will thank me for my advice. In three crosses he will have a most valuable herd—as good butter-makers almost, as registered Jerseys. And so of hogs. A farmer by crossing his scrub hogs to fine boars, will get in one cross, a compacter, and better hog, that will fatten more readily and on less food than his scrubs. Another thing will follow. When a farmer improves his stock he will take better care of it, more pride in it, and will increase his herds and flocks. The compost heap, the pasture, the hay rick and the cornfield follow cattle and sheep, and this gives us diversified farming, without trenching one bale on the cotton crop, which of course must and should remain our great crop.”

“And the red clover you believe in to build up our lands?”

“In Cherokee Georgia, nothing equals it. It thrives perfectly there, and it is certainly a wonderful restorer for land that is worn. I do not raise a pound of cotton, simply because there are enough other men to raise all that is needed, and my land pays better put down in grasses. No farm in Georgia ought to be without its pasture, and its clump of fine cattle. As an adjunct to cotton-planting it would be found a very useful thing.”

Mr. Peters is very hopeful of the future of the South Atlantic States. He has often been tempted to take a ranch in Texas or New Mexico, but he has found his Gordon county farm all that could be desired. There is no better country in the world, he holds, than the State of Georgia, and he predicts in the next ten years a wonderful progress in farming, a sharp rise in the price of farm lands, and immigration of sturdy farmers from other sections.

RICHARD PETERS AS A HORTICULTURIST

With the desire to obtain from the living, all the information possible of the pioneer work done for Georgia in orchard and field by Mr. Peters, a visit was made to Mr. William P. Robinson at his home just beyond Grant's Park. Shut off now by sickness from the active work he had done for a lifetime among flowers and shrubs, not only as a nurseryman, but for years as superintendent of the Park grounds, he is enjoying the peace and quiet of a sweet home circle, with the broad acres of green fields smiling around him to give good cheer to one who can not walk about to seek recreation and comfort.

As we talked of the days when he first came to Atlanta, it was surprising to see the light of youth shine in his eyes while his voice vibrated with emotion in telling of the long ago.

Mr. Robinson said: "I was employed in the nursery business in Cincinnati, Ohio, when Mr. Peters sent for me to come to Atlanta in 1854-1855, to take charge of his fruit and nursery interests; I was to receive one-fifth of the profits to pay me for my labor, and some years we took in fifteen thousand dollars; but I have known Mr. Peters to spend from eight to nine thousand dollars in one year on his experiments in fruits.

The nursery was located on Fair Street, near Harden, the salesrooms were there, also the small shrubs and plants; but the trees were grown on the "Rawlins Place," just south of Grant's Park.

"Mr. Peters' rule was never to go into any business until he knew all about it; he therefore had a fifty-acre orchard laid off in squares or plats, on each square a tree was planted and watched carefully until it bore fruit; if it was satisfactory, then new scions were propagated from it, if not, then the tree was discarded as not desirable—a map was made of the plat and the results of the experiments were written down as a matter of reference. We could go to any named tree in the dark and put

our hands upon it. By this plan he introduced the best fruits known in the world. Mr. Peters made importations of 40,000 plants a year from France, Japan and any place where they could be obtained; this included nursery stock, shrubs, evergreens, roses, every kind of plant that might suit our climate.

"We found the trees from France more adapted to our section than those from any other country. The plants came in small pots packed in large cases. It took three months for them to come, but we never lost more than a dozen in a thousand, except when there was a delay caused by their being nussent, then we would sometimes lose one-half the entire lot. From these importations Mr. Peters secured and distributed the best varieties of fruits known, and the fact should be recorded that his close attention, his experiments and the generous amount of money he spent in the business brought about results, the value of which it is impossible now at this day to compute in dollars and cents. From his nursery the very first fruit trees ever planted in New Zealand were shipped, together with ornamental shrubs. We had to send them via London, around Cape Horn and it took ten months to get them there, and yet the plants and trees arrived in good condition and grew nicely. These were ordered through Mr. Edward Parsons, who afterwards became a resident of Atlanta. From these trees immense nurseries were started as the climate was very favorable to their culture, and the fruit industry is one of their great sources of income now.

"We also shipped a fine lot of peach trees to California; there were four thousand sent in one order and they also had to go around Cape Horn, this being the only route by which they could be shipped.

"These fruit trees were from all our best varieties and were the nucleus of the great fruit industry of California. From the scions of these trees, large orchards were planted and the wonderful industry of fruit raising was begun there. In later years they imported many new varieties of fruit from Japan and elsewhere. P. J. Berckmans, of Augusta, began his work on this same line three years after Mr. Peters started his nursery in Atlanta.

"The business was kept up with great success until the "War between the States" came on and Mr. Sherman and his men in 1862-'63 destroyed everything, even tearing down a good five-room house to use for fire-wood to cook their breakfasts. They tore down and burnt up every fence and rail for three miles and more about Atlanta and then tore down houses for fuel.

"All the Southern States are indebted to Mr. Peters," said Mr. Robinson, "for the introduction of the varieties that make this section noted for its fruit, more especially for the fine peaches. Mr. Peters interested his children so much in his hobbies that his son Ralph became an expert in naming fruit when it was put before him. He was only twelve years of age, but he was the greatest pet with every member of the Pomological Society, and every man who could bring in specimens of fruit would send for Ralph and at a glance he would name the variety, having been taught its distinctive characteristics by his father."

Mr. Robinson's tribute to Mr. Peters recalled to mind Carlyle's words about the *Heroic* in human affairs—"For I take it, universal history, the history of what man has accomplished in this world is at bottom the history of the great men who have worked here, they were the leaders of men, these great ones."

Mr. Wash Houston, when agent of the Atlanta & West Point Railroad, was intimately associated with Mr. Peters. He has written the following pleasant letter about his old friend:

North Decatur, Dec. 23, 1901.

MRS. N. P. BLACK,
Atlanta, Ga.

My Dear Madam: Your esteemed letter of 7th inst. at hand. While I feel as expressed in the *Atlanta Journal* sent herewith, I very much regret my inability to intelligently express the many incidents coming under my personal observation during a long and very pleasant acquaintance with your honored father.

My first impressions of him were coupled with high appreciation of his good judgment, and the indignation of the small Presbyterian congregation, when he removed from it one of its most amiable, honored and charitable members in the person of Miss Mary J. Thompson, who was its main dependence in dispensing charity, so much needed in the early history of Atlanta, by reason of exposure caused by insufficient shelter, and privations incident to rapid increase of population. In this connection permit me to say, that our indignation at her loss was fully reconciled by his indorsement of her noble spirit, and contributing bountifully to all worthy objects, and every institution or cause having in view the elevation of our then cosmopolitan population.

In passing over that splendid structure, the Whitehall street viaduct, and viewing the fine buildings now being erected, I met an old friend of the forties, and naturally our minds reverted to reminiscences of the past, and after thanking God that we were spared to behold the wonders before us, and still left to enjoy the benefits and witness the great strides and progress of our beautiful city, we drifted into sad reflections, and our pleasure was marred by a suggestion that if the departed spirits of Norcross, Wheat, Thurman, Cone, Peters, Hayden, White, Haynes, Loyd, Collier, Hoyt, Venable, and a host of others, who have passed over the river could rest upon the scene what would be their wonder and surprise. Of this number none would be more gratified than our departed friend, Richard Peters, a pioneer whose hopes and expectations in life were being realized, and who never doubted for once, the future of the country, and who in the presence of the writer has often predicted just what we are realizing at this time. It was Mr. Peters who gave the first impetus to the development of this section, slowly approaching and penetrating the country in the discharge of his duties in the capacity of a civil engineer, marking his every step with close observation of his surroundings. On reaching this point with his associates, it was he who suggested a stop, and the purchase of the large tract of land now owned by the Georgia

railroad. And inviting other systems then reaching out for the Chattahoochee river, to halt at the terminus, resulting in the old Monroe, now Central railroad, turning its course from the west to the northeast, and terminating at the point now known as Pryor street, where its first depot was located, thereby making the square bounded on the west by Whitehall road, east by Loyd, south by Alabama and north by Decatur street, the spot where all the railroad traffic of the day concentrated.

It was Mr. Peters who induced the first telegraph line to be constructed to Atlanta, terminating it in the depot of the then Macon & Western railroad (tendering the writer the agency). It was he who built the first great flour mill, that afterwards went into history as a manufacturing armory for the Confederate States (a large pistol made there now being in my possession). It was he who built the first banking building in Atlanta, who built the first family residence, commanding, by reason of its great prominence and beautiful location and surroundings, the admiration of the traveler passing through the sparsely settled community, to which it added such prominence.

At this hospitable home many were entertained, and many consultations were held with such men as Mark A. Cooper, Jno P. King, Thomas Stocks, Jacob Phinzy, Garnett Andrews, Andrew J. Berry, L. P. Grant and others, having in view the development of this country.

By his indomitable will and example, the great State fairs, that did so much to successfully carry out this policy, were carried to success. Largely through his efforts the Georgia Railway and Banking Company opened an agency, furnishing money to pay for all the cotton brought to the city by wagons prior to 1850, and who, after seeing the great need of a thoroughfare reaching the section from where the cotton wagon trade came, projected, and by his aid secured the construction of the Atlanta & West Point R. R., fully demonstrating his sound judgment, by annually dividing, from its earnings, handsome dividends, often as great as 30 per cent. per annum to his associates. It was he who suggested that this degree of

prosperity would run the country wild, and to avert this evil, "let us pay five per cent. in cash, and pass up a stock dividend of twenty-five per cent."

To him are the people of Georgia indebted, particularly the northern section, for the rapid improvement made in agriculture, stock-raising, and the introduction of improved implements, and through his liberality, and free distribution many of the improved cereals, grasses and forage plants, became valuable factors in developing the adaptability of the soil, then unknown to the Southern farmer. His interest in live stock, poultry and pet stock, inaugurated their introduction, and there is perhaps not a farm in all this section, but can to this day produce an improved variety directly traceable to his importations, secured by great care and expense.

A prominent feature in his success in life, was personal industry and strict integrity, with a determination that all around him should understand these essentials, and that there was no room for drones.

His own children were taught this, and while it may have appeared to them somewhat of a hardship at the time, his wisdom has been fully sustained by the character of the men and women he has left to honor his example.

His employees, when faithful, were remembered, and promotion followed, always bearing them in mind and when opportunity would admit he had a good word to say in their behalf.

It was Mr. Peters to whom that class of excellent people of the Episcopal denomination of Atlanta are indebted for the establishment of the first church, and the spacious grounds upon which their buildings are now located. No one else could have secured that ground from the Georgia Railroad.

I send herewith a volume, "Transactions of the Southern Central Agricultural Society," which contains much of interest in regard to the origin of State fairs and in which Mr. Peters participated.

Hope you will receive it, and give it a place in your collection.

If other incidents come to mind, I will take pleasure in communicating them.

Please remember me very kindly to your mother and other members of your family.

Very truly yours,

W. J. HOUSTON.

Mr. Aaron Roff, of Calhoun, Ga., whose connection with Mr. Peters in a business way began in the year 1856 and continued through Mr. Peters' lifetime, has many interesting things to tell us of their experience as animal fanciers.

Mr. Roff was born in 1815—is a veteran of the Mexican War and served as a Confederate soldier with distinction—at the age of eighty-seven he displays a vigor and strength not equalled by many younger men.

Speaking of the experiments in goats and Brahmin cattle Mr. Roff says:

"I carried a lot of goats and Brahmin cattle to Texas for Mr. Peters and also to the United States Fair at Cincinnati in 1860. Our display of goats was very fine, the sales being heavy. At this Fair, Mr. Peters paid one thousand dollars for a fine Brahmin bull. I also went to the Fair at Montgomery, Alabama, with a lot of Devon cattle in 1859.

"At the first Fair ever held in Atlanta, which was in 1850, we had a big herd of young Devons and sold them all out. I remember the exact location of this Fair, a public school building stands there now, and the street was called Fair street from this first big exhibition.

"Earlier agricultural exhibits were made at Stone Mountain, the first being in 1847, but Mr. Peters did not take any active part in them.

"He was one of the first five men who went into the Jersey business in America, and the very first who brought these fine animals to Georgia. He had first tried the Brahmins on account of their freedom from murrain, but people would not buy them on account of the fighting qualities of the cows. He then tried Alderneys, Guernseys, Devons and Jerseys crossed with the Brahmin, but finally settled on the pure Jersey.

"Mr. Peters was always big and generous in his dealings. His desire was to please all of his patrons; his orders were never to ship an inferior animal. If a man ever tried to cheat or swindle him in any trade, he did not quarrel or fuss, but he never had any further dealings with that man; he would say 'the world is large enough for both of us to move along, provided we don't have to come together.'

"In the matter of grasses alone, Mr. Peters made experiments that were far more valuable than the work being done at any of the State experimental stations of the present day. He sent to Europe for grass and obtained forty varieties in one year, which cost him at least five thousand dollars. Alfalfa or "Lucerne" was introduced in this section of the country by him and it is invaluable as a hay crop. In bees alone he invested over three thousand dollars before he found that they would not pay here because there were so few flowers from which honey could be obtained. In California this industry is a great success because flowers abound there."

Mr. Roff's talk being concluded, he stroked his long, white beard and seemed to look with far-seeing eyes back to the days when in fresh, youthful vigor he and his friend Peters grew more and more enthusiastic over cows, grasses and farming in general.

Mr. George G. Smith of Macon, Georgia, whose early history of Georgia has reached its second edition, has written the following letter:

MY DEAR MRS. BLACK:

I take great pleasure in saying something concerning your good father.

When we came to Atlanta in 1847, I was a little boy and I often saw him. He was then unmarried and was running a line of stages from Atlanta to Montgomery. He owned all the block on Broad Street this side of the bridge where he had his stables. He was a very handsome, neatly dressed, courteous gentleman. Of course at this time, I had no personal

contact with him. In 1851 my father was appointed Postmaster. Mr. Peters was a man of many affairs, and had much to do with the mails, and as I was a young clerk, I saw him every day. He was very active then in agricultural matters. He brought the first Devons, the first Angora goats, the first fancy chickens and pigeons, the first of nearly everything here. He introduced the Chinese sugar-cane into Georgia, and there is no man to whom she is so indebted as she was to Richard Peters.

His manners were very courtly. No man ever took a liberty with him, and he was rude to no one.

As I grew to manhood and left Atlanta, I lost sight of him, in a private way, for years. When I returned to Georgia and published my first book, the "History of Methodism in Georgia," although he was an Episcopalian, he was one of my first subscribers. I always found him accessible, agreeable and kind. I could never think of him as doing an act that was not commendable. Georgia never had an adopted son of whom she had more right to be proud than Richard Peters.

Truly yours,

GEO. G. SMITH.

Letter from Mr. J. C. Peck, a retired capitalist, formerly a contractor and builder and one who knew Mr. Peters quite intimately.

Philadelphia, June 28, 1901.

DEAR MADAM:

Your very nice letter of June 17, was received just as I was packing my trunk for a trip North. With Mrs. Peck, I left the same day and after a short stop in Washington, visiting Mount Vernon, Arlington, etc., we went through to Bridgeton, New Jersey, to visit our two grandsons, and other friends living there and returned here last night so this is the first day I could get a chance to write you, so hope you will excuse the delay.

The first that I recollect hearing of Atlanta, Georgia, was when a boy of perhaps fifteen, living on a farm in Connecti-

cut. My father was a subscriber to an agricultural paper published, as I recollect, in Hartford, Conn. In one number of the paper was a long piece giving a very accurate description, with two very nice cuts of a fine breed of goats, just imported by Mr. Richard Peters, of Atlanta, Georgia. I was much interested in it, and as the place was new to me, I tried to locate it, but not until I secured the latest map then published was I able to find *Atlanta*. Within a year or two there were other allusions to the wonderful goats. I was so much interested in it, that I suggested to Father to try and get a pair of them, but as one of the papers had given the cost of importing the first lot, he thought it would be some years before it would be in reach of the average Connecticut farmer. On account of my health I took a trip South in the fall of 1856, passed through Atlanta to Knoxville, and returned through there early in the spring of 1857, when I decided to locate there. In June, 1858, I moved to Atlanta and have since that time made it my home. I soon made the acquaintance of Mr. Peters, and found him a most affable gentleman, thoroughly posted on almost every subject, and always approachable. I had very little business with him until 1870, when Mr. Kimball decided to build a hotel. He consulted me about a site and I unhesitatingly recommended the "Atlanta Hotel" lot as the most desirable. I took Mr. Kimball to G. W. Adair's office, and he as agent for Dr. Thompson fixed the terms which Mr. Kimball was ready to accept, if he could get the two lots owned by Mr. Peters, and Judge King of Augusta. Mr. Adair felt sure he could arrange it, and under his guidance, we at once went to Mr. Peters' office. When the case was explained to him, Mr. Peters accepted the idea of having a first-class hotel on that ground, and in ten minutes they had agreed on a lease for ninety-nine years, and while Mr. Adair was writing out the terms Mr. Peters was writing a letter to Judge King urging him to accept the same terms for his lot, and he was to put the letter in the hands of the conductor of the Georgia Railroad with instructions to be sure to put it in the hands of Judge King as soon as he arrived in Augusta. The letter urged Judge King to answer at once by telegraph. This was on the 26th day of

March, 1870. At ten o'clock a. m. of the 27th, a telegram came from Judge King agreeing to the proposition. Before twelve o'clock, Mr. Kimball had engaged me to superintend the work and at seven a. m. of the 28th, I had about one hundred men digging for the foundations. About nine a. m. Mr. Peters came by and looked at the work for a few minutes and said "I have had some doubt about your building that fine, six-story hotel which Kimball talked so much about, by October the 17th—but I will doubt it no longer," and while others would talk discouragingly, he would come by from day to day and give a kind word of encouragement. When the house was finished, he came and took me by the hand, and congratulated me on doing what the world said was impossible. After the Kimball House was burned, no one seemed to be willing to put up money enough to rebuild it, and there was a suggestion to sell the property for mercantile purposes. I think it was your father who suggested that we try to get Mr. Kimball to come back and help to rebuild it. I know that he signed the letter, with several others, asking Mr. Kimball to come for this purpose, and after he came and formulated a plan whereby he hoped to secure the money, Kimball became very much discouraged as the business men would not subscribe. When the project looked darkest, your father invited quite a number, probably twenty-five or thirty of the most public-spirited citizens of Atlanta to meet at his house to discuss a public matter. The meeting was well attended and after fully discussing the subject and sampling a few bottles of champagne, the subscription list was brought out, and enough money subscribed at that meeting to rebuild the Kimball House.

It was done so quietly that I don't believe a dozen people outside of the parties there, ever knew of the meeting.

It was, however, during the year 1881, as a member of the Executive Committee of the International Cotton Exposition Company, that I became most intimate with him. He was prompt to attend all the meetings, and while he was as enthusiastic as Mr. Kimball, his cooler judgment modified and carried to success some of the finest schemes of the Exposition,

which, as originally suggested by Kimball were considered wild and chimerical.

There was not a man on the Board whose opinion was sought as often, and which carried the weight, as Richard Peters. One incident I recollect, as I was brought into it. The subject of hotel accommodations was worrying the management and as a last resort, the Executive Committee decided to build a temporary hotel. Plans were hastily drawn for two hundred rooms, besides office, dining-room, kitchen, etc. Bids came in slowly, and very high; fifty-five thousand, sixty thousand, while the architect's estimate was thirty thousand. The committee was in despair and a motion was made to lay the whole matter upon the table, when Mr. Peters asked the mover to withdraw the motion for a few moments. He then said he wanted to hear more about the matter from Mr. Peck—"What about the architect's estimate." I told him that I had been so busy I had not had time to make an estimate of the cost, but I had looked over the plans carefully and felt sure that thirty thousand was a liberal price, that I thought I could modify the plans so it could be done for twenty-five thousand. He then asked me if I could do the work in addition to what I then had on hand. I told him, if the weather was favorable, I could do it.

He then made a motion that I be instructed to proceed with the erection of the hotel, making such modifications as I saw fit, only retaining the size and general appearance. This was carried unanimously, and the Exposition Hotel was built in forty-three days and cost a trifle less than twenty thousand dollars.

I could mention many instances where his keen perception, with quiet, pleasant words brought order out of chaos—but my letter is already too long. In 1886, his services were equally valuable; one incident only will I mention. There had been several meetings, and the matter of an Exposition had been discussed in the papers. It seemed that the matter was about dead. I had arranged to go to Chattanooga on business, and at the corner of Decatur and Pryor Streets, I met Mr. Peters,

at the entrance of the Kimball House and he said he wanted to talk with me a few minutes. He then said they were to have another meeting to see about that Exposition and that they were all at sea, no plans, nobody to go ahead, nothing. He then asked me if I would agree to take hold of it and superintend the whole work, if they decided to go ahead. I told him that I would, if they would give me good committees to consult and advise with. He then said it was time for the meeting and if I would wait he would let me know in one-half hour. In fifteen minutes he sent for me, and I was notified by the Chairman that I was elected superintendent of construction of the Piedmont Exposition, and with the committee of three was authorized to employ an architect and have plans prepared and to make all arrangements to begin work at once.

An Advisory Committee, of which Mr. Peters was chairman, was elected for consultation. There again it shows how ready they were to accept and act on the clear, cool judgment of Richard Peters.

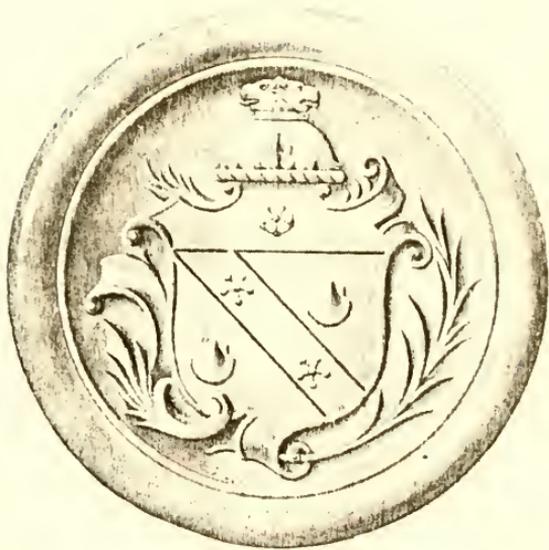
I will leave it to you to select anything you please, if you think any of the facts are worthy of a place in your book.

You will pardon me for using the pronoun "I" so often in the foregoing pages—it is not put in for publication but to show you why I claimed that he was my *friend* and why I asked the special favor of a copy of your book about him from you.

With kindest regards for yourself and mother, I am,

Yours truly,

J. C. PECK.



PETERS.

RALPH PETERS

Ralph Peters, Town Clerk of Liverpool, married a Miss Preeson, sister of Thomas Preeson, whose wife was a near connection of Andrew Hamilton, Attorney General and Councillor of Pennsylvania.

Ralph Peters had three sons, Ralph, William and Richard.—Westcott's *Historic Mansions of Philadelphia*, page 392.

Richard (of Ralph) Peters, was born about 1704, came to Pennsylvania about 1735, and became Secretary of the Loan Office, which position he held for twenty-five years: became Rector of Christ Church and subsequently by order of the Proprietaries, was in 1749 raised to the high office of Councillor. His only daughter pre-deceased him, and he died July 10th, 1776, leaving a large fortune.—Keith's *Provincial Councillors of Pennsylvania*, 235.

William (of Ralph) Peters, came to Pennsylvania a short time after his brother above mentioned. He practiced law in Chester County as early as 1739. In 1742, he bought from Ruth Jones, widow of Daniel Jones, a large tract of land of about 220 acres and built thereon a small stone house. He made this property his residence and named it "Belmont." The situation was beautiful, embracing an island in the Schuylkill River, and running from the west bank out beyond the New Ford Road, subsequently known as the "Monument" Road. Some years later, the large mansion on the north adjoining the small stone house was built. Mr. Keyser, in "Fairmount Park" says, "Its principal characteristics are broad and small dormitories, small window-glass, and heavy sashes highly ornamented and high wooden mantel-pieces, a comfortable dining-room, and open fire-places. One of these, in the hall, is still used, the panel over it formerly held a landscape. The coat of arms of the family remains perfect in the ceiling. Other ornamental devices about the mansion are recognizable as belonging to that early period. The roof has been raised; the third story and piazzas are modern. A

library which adjoins the house has also been renewed since the Judge's time. The date of the erection of the main out-building is fixed by the monogram:

P. W. P. 1745.

cut on a slab set in the chimney wall. The grounds are admirable, and contain some of the most superb trees in this country. The French traveller Chastellux, designated Belmont, as a 'tasty little box in the most charming spot Nature could embellish.'"—Scharf and Westcott's *History of Philadelphia*, 873, and Westcott's *Historic Mansions of Philadelphia*.

The name of "Belmont" acquires a new interest when we see that the cinquefoils in the coat of arms belong to the fifth son of the Duc de Bellemont, Earl of Leicester, and leads us to wonder if there was any family connection in the past.

COAT OF ARMS.

A description and illustrations of the arms are given in the "Continent" magazine, Vol. 3, pages 521-2. They are in stucco work on the ceiling and cornices—on a bend between two escallops, two cinquefoils, crest, two lions' heads, erased and adorsed, ringed and collared.

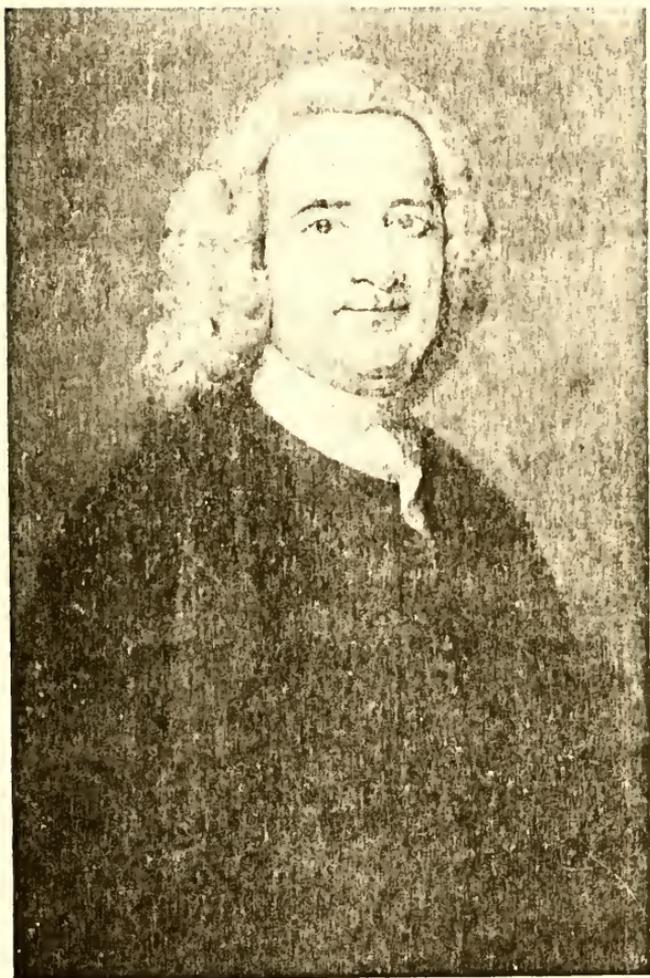
Motto, "Sans Dieu Rien."

PORTRAITS.

of William Peters, and of his wife who was Mary Brientnall, were presented to the Pennsylvania Historical Society in 1890, by one of their descendants, Mrs. Eliza Peters Field, and in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* for April, 1894, Vol. XVI, page 651, an illustrated article entitled "Some Colonial Women," gives a likeness of Mrs. William Peters, formerly Brientnall.

In 1752, William Peters was elected member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania from Chester County, and re-elected in 1753-4-5, but in 1756 he resigned his seat and was suc-

NOTE—It may be here mentioned that the monogram spoken of above, is not T. W. P. as stated by various authors, including Scharf and Westcott, but the first letter is a P. reversed, so as to form a symmetrical monogram for the initials of the owner, William Peters.



WILLIAM PETERS.

ceeded by John Morton, who was subsequently a signer of the Declaration of Independence. At this time, Richard Peters, brother of William, was Clerk of the Assembly.—*Votes and Proceedings of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania*, 223, 270, 489 and 564.

At this period, Chester County extended eastward and adjoined the City of Philadelphia, and in 1789 the eastern portion was set off and attached to Delaware County.—Futhey and Cope, Chester County map frontispiece, and page 120.

William Peters was Secretary of the Land Office, being so appointed November 1st, 1760.—*Smull's Legislative Handbook*, 1889, page 498.

William Peters, and his wife (nee Brientnall) had four children of whom two sons, Richard and Thomas, became prominent.

In February 1761, a *Dedimus Protestatem* authorizing them to administer oaths, was granted by James Hamilton, Lieutenant-Governor, Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Forces, to William Peters and Richard Peters.—*Hazard's Pennsylvania Archives*, Vol. IV, page 40.

At the opening of the War of Independence, William Peters returned to England, having previously made a deed of trust to his oldest son, Richard, in the line of the English law of primogeniture. All his estates in Philadelphia and Lancaster and elsewhere were thus placed in the name of Richard.

Richard thus acquired "Belmont," and made it a resort of the most prominent men, famous in American history and politics, and also of distinguished foreigners. He was a friend of Washington, President of the Board of War during the Revolution, and subsequently United States District Judge by which title he is afterwards best known, having been appointed to this position by his friend President Washington.

From letters in the possession of the family it is learned that William, upon his return to England, made his home at Knutsford, and after the close of the war resumed correspondence with his sons Richard and Thomas. Some of his letters of date 1784 and 1786, are in good state of preservation, and

are quite interesting as bearing on those times and circumstances. There are also letters from his daughter-in-law, Elizabeth, showing that Mary Brientuall had died previous to her husband. A letter from her, of date September 15, 1789, tells also of the death of William on the 8th of that month.

In re WILLIAM PETERS, Deceased, of KNUTSFORD.

At the request of Thomas Peters of Atlanta, a search was made for family records in England during the year 1899 by an authority on such subjects, and we give a summary of the report he gave. It is interesting to us, as it relates to the tombs of the Peters ancestry, and to the neighborhood where our progenitor, William Peters, passed his declining years.

"After visiting Hindley, near Wigan, I obtained the following particulars:

1. At the parish church of All Saints, there is the Peters family vault.

2. Two tablets with the following inscriptions upon them are inside the Church:

(a). In the vault underneath the adjoining Communion Table are interred the remains of Elizabeth, the wife of Ralph Peters of Plattbridge, in the parish of Wigan, Esquire, who died the 5th day of December, 1801, aged 70 years.

and of

the same Ralph Peters, who died the 12th day of July, 1807, aged 78 years. They lived beloved and died respected, and in memory of them this tribute is erected by their affectionate son,

RALPH PETERS.

The sculptors of this stone were: T. Franceys and Spence, Sculptors, Liverpool.

(b). In a vault underneath, lieth the body of R. Peters, Esquire, late of Plattbridge Hall, in this county, who departed this life the 3rd of December, 1838, aged 63 years.

"Sacred be the Tablet which the gratitude and affection of his bereaved family have erected to the memory of a beloved and affectionate Father, also Francis, relict of the above Ralph

Peters, who departed this life December 31, 1845, aged 61 years."

3. In the graveyard there is a large gravestone indicating where the vault extends to outside the church, on which there is this inscription: "In a vault under this stone lieth the body of William Peters, who departed this life the 8th day of September, 1789, in the 87th year of his age."

4. There is an entry in the Register under date 12th September, 1789: "William Peters, Esquire, of Knutsford, aged 87. Palsy."

These two latter paragraphs prove the death and burial of Mr. William Peters mentioned in the copy of the letter (No.3) in the correspondence sent from Mrs. Elizabeth Peters to Thomas Peters, Baltimore. Further than the above mentioned information the particulars regarding his sojourn at Knutsford are extremely scant, although I have interviewed several of the oldest living inhabitants there and also at Hindley. In fact, I have not been able to get any reliable information about *William Peters*, but as to *Ralph Peters* there is ample evidence as to who he was. The latter lived at Plattbridge in 1776, and was Town Clerk and Deputy Recorder of Liverpool. A Trust Deed of All Saints' Church, Hindley, dated 29th February, 1776, contains the name of Ralph Peters, Trustee.

In 1810 Ralph Peters gave 100 pounds for Parsonage House at Hindley, and he was the son of Ralph Peters living in 1776. In 1851 The Reverend Thomas Peters, Clerk Rector, Eastington, Gloucester, took the property at Hindley—upon the death of Ralph Peters the younger. He sold the property, I understand, and left the neighborhood and went to Eastington.

(Signed) R. A. GRANT.

Manchester, 13th June, 1899.

Sir Bernard Burke, in his "History of the Landed Gentry of Great Britain and Ireland," has this to say of the Peters family of England of the present day, showing the direct connection with our family:

"Peters, William Henry. Seat, Harefield House, Lympston, Devon, England.

"Lineage.—This family, which claims to be a branch of the noble house of Lord Petrie, added the seat during their sojourn in Wales, where they still possess a paternal estate. For several generations they were seated at Plattbridge House near Wigan, County Lancaster, but Ralph Peters, Esq., of Plattbridge, Barrister at Law, sold that estate soon after he succeeded to his uncle Bertie Entwisle's West India property. Subsequently he resided near Southport." The coat of arms and motto, "Sans Dieu Rien," are exactly the same.

REV. RICHARD PETERS.

Rev. Richard Peters, son of Ralph Peters, was born in Liverpool, England, in the year 1704; he died in Philadelphia, July 10, 1776.

His education was very thorough. He was sent first to Westminster School and later attended college at Oxford and Leyden. After studying law, he took orders in the Church of England in 1730 and came to this country on account of domestic troubles, in 1735.

He was employed for some time in Christ Church, Philadelphia, as Assistant Rector, but resigned in 1737. At this time he was made secretary to the land office, was secretary to a succession of Governors, and was one of the Provincial Councillors until the time of his death.

In the summer of 1762, he was invited to officiate in the United Churches of Philadelphia and was chosen to be Rector at the close of the year. He made a visit to England for his health in 1764, returning to Philadelphia in 1765. The degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by the University of Oxford, in 1770. Conscious of the infirmities of age, Mr. Peters resigned his Rectorship in 1775. He was one of the founders of the Public Academy with Benjamin Franklin; out of this grew the College of Philadelphia. He was one of the original trustees of the latter, president of the Board in 1756 to 1764.

Mr. Peters was an incorporator of the Philadelphia Library

and also one of the original managers of the Pennsylvania hospital. Bishop White speaks of "Dr. Peters" with respect and affection, the Bishop having been an assistant minister as a young man under Dr. Peters' rectorship.

"The last two sermons preached at Christ Church" (printed by Franklin in 1737) and other discourses were published by Mr. Peters. (From Appleton's *Cyclopedia of American Biography*).

Mrs. Eliza W. Field, the sister of the late Frank Peters of Philadelphia, both grandchildren of Judge Richard Peters was devoted to her family; she had trunks full of old letters about them and she took the liveliest interest in the preservation of anything that pertained to the Peters history. She presented to the Pennsylvania Historical Society of Philadelphia the original picture of Rev. Richard Peters, also paintings of his brother William and Mary Brientnall, the wife of William.

At the suggestion of Mrs. Field, Mr. Richard Peters of Atlanta had the three family portraits copied before they were sent to Philadelphia, and in turn allowed her to have a reproduction made of a portrait of Judge Richard Peters, painted by Peale.

Mrs. Field also had copies made of the full account of the sorrowful family history of the Rev. Richard Peters, which she sent us. When a college boy in England it seems that he became the victim of an unprincipled tavern-keeper who caused him to be drugged, and while in this condition, a marriage ceremony was performed which united him with the daughter of the inn-keeper. On coming to his full senses Mr. Peters refused to acknowledge the woman as his wife, and denounced the proceeding as outrageous and unlawful; he left the place and never spoke to her again.

After the lapse of many years, when he had been given every proof of the woman's death, he married most happily a very charming woman, Miss Stanley, by name. They lived together in a beautiful country home in England for a number of years, one child, a daughter called Grace, was born to them but she died at an early age. Finally, after a most dramatic fashion this domestic happiness was ended.

On a public occasion, at a large open-air political meeting held in the interest of his wife's brother, Mr. Peters was making a speech, in the midst of it a sudden excitement was observed in the audience and a woman was seen being led to the platform. As she confronted him, Mr. Peters recognized the tavern-keeper's daughter so long believed to be dead, who claimed him as her husband.

This was probably a scheme of a political opponent to defeat the family candidate. The excitement and horror were too great for Mr. Peters; he fell in a deep swoon and was carried to his home. Neither he nor his beloved wife believed in obtaining a release by a divorce and after a long and heart-rending interview he left her and came to the colonies in America. They never met again but corresponded regularly until her death which occurred in a few years. He remained in Philadelphia where his position became a very prominent one.

It seems that at one time during his pastorate of the churches in Philadelphia, there were attempts made to start ugly rumors about the past life of Rev. Mr. Peters in England. As soon as he heard this he had affidavits taken and the whole sad story in all of its details was given to the Church with the names of parties who attested to its entire truthfulness. It is a copy of all these papers that we have in our possession.

It is strange that such a tragedy should have changed the destiny of so many people. The coming of Richard to the Colonies was the inducement which brought his brother William to Pennsylvania, on the death of his wife in England. The charms of Mary Brientnall, a beautiful woman from a family of prominence, soon caused him to forget his grief and they were married in 1741. From this marriage have all the Peters belonging to our branch of the name in America, descended.

That there were children in England by the first wife, there seems to be no doubt, as we have letters referring to "Ralph and his wife Elizabeth" but of no others. We also know that William subsequently returned to England with "Mary Brientnall" and they both died there—her death occurring before his.

Besides the picture of Judge Peters, Mrs. Field also asked permission to have copied, one of General Washington, which was done in crayon and was the property of Mr. Richard Peters of Atlanta. On the reverse side of the picture, is the following inscription which was written by Judge Peters: "An original portrait of Washington drawn in crayon by Sharpless. The General at the request of R. Peters, *submitted* to sit for this picture as a memorial of a long and uninterrupted friendship." It seems there are from four to six of these same portraits of General Washington in existence now, for which he sat at the same period of time in compliment to his friends. We have heard of the others and they are as well authenticated as this. They are all original portraits and not copies.

The untimely death of Mrs. Field at East Grimstead, Sussex, England, in the summer of 1901, was a great grief to her friends, and an irreparable loss to us in our quest for information, which she alone could give. A fire occurred at the house in which she was sojourning and she was burned to death in her up-stairs room, before she could be rescued. It was the great pleasure of the writer to have received a number of personal letters from Mrs. Field, and a warm friendship was the result of the correspondence.

JUDGE RICHARD PETERS

In the *Farmers Library*, a monthly Journal of Agriculture edited by John S. Skinner, we find in Number 5, published November, 1845, the following address on Judge Richard Peters. It was delivered by his friend, Samuel Breck, before the Blockley and Merrion Agricultural Society on the 20th of September, 1828, and is valuable as a true description of many events of our early history, as well as for its sincere testimony to the worth of Judge Peters. Says Mr. Breck:

"Gentlemen: I may be excused, I hope, for offering on my own accord, to address you on the recent loss of our President. As the second officer in the Society, it becomes, in some measure, my duty to notice the melancholy event.

"That eminent and worthy man, so well known to us, so much beloved by us, who for forty years has been so usefully and affectionately associated with us, has, at a good age, paid the debt of nature.

"Death perhaps, at no time strikes a victim however obscure, who does not leave some sorrowing survivor, none so destitute of friends as to descend to the grave wholly unlamented. How deeply, then, shall we mourn the loss of a man so remarkably distinguished as the late President of this Society?

"Upon an occasion so solemn, and to us so afflictive, we ought not to be satisfied with an ordinary notice. It is fit that we should dwell somewhat at length on the prominent passages in such a man's life, that we should recall to our minds the deeds of patriotism, of public spirit and general usefulness which have marked his lengthened career.

"This I shall attempt, and, however imperfect, I beg you to indulge me with a hearing.

"Richard Peters, who died on the 22d of August, at his residence in Blockley, was born the month of June, 1744, in the



JUDGE RICHARD PETERS.

same house in which he expired and had consequently passed, by a few months, the great age of eighty-four.

"He received his education in the city of Philadelphia and on entering the active scenes of life, was a good Latin and Greek scholar, and possessed a knowledge of the French and German languages.

"Having adopted the law as a profession, his acquaintance with the German greatly facilitated his country practice, while his intuitive smartness, and steady industry placed him in the front rank of the young practitioners of his day.

"He had an uncle who was secretary of the Colonial government, and whose office was, I think, connected with the land department. This uncle was fond of young Peters and occasionally charged him with a part of the duties of his office. It was here, no doubt, that he became familiar with the land titles of the province, and laid the foundation of the reputation he acquired in after times of possessing an intimate knowledge of the land laws of the Commonwealth. These avocations, however, were transient and did not cause any relaxation in his professional pursuits. On the contrary, they were made the means of his extending his acquaintance with influential men in the interior of the colony, and enabled him to follow very profitably the courts of justice into all the surrounding counties, where his fluent conversation in German, extensive knowledge of the provincial grants and kindred laws, brought him into practice and in due time competently rewarded his labors.

"On those circuits he was accustomed to display his unrivalled wit. The playfulness of his conversation, always enlivened by flashes of the gayest pleasantry, was forever quick and unrestrained, and varied by casts of true humor, sometimes as broad and well enacted as the most exaggerated farce, and at others convolved in a double meaning, fitted only for the ready perception of the most practiced ear and polished taste. Thus distinguished, our young friend became a favorite with all classes.

"It was about the time when this brilliant talent was already conspicuous, a talent that never after forsook him, even whilst

age was wasting his tottering frame; it was at this period of youthful buoyancy that a conference was held with the Indians of the Six Nations at Fort Stanwix, in the province of New York. Our lamented friend accompanied the delegation from Pennsylvania. During the negotiations of the treaty he insinuated himself so much into the good graces of the Indian chiefs, and became so entirely acceptable to them by his light-hearted jests and sportive behavior, that even the sedate red men relaxed their rigid carriage, and unbending for a moment the usual severity of their characters, proposed to adopt him into their tribes. The offer was accepted, and Mr. Peters was formally introduced to his new relations, receiving from them in allusion to his amusing talkativeness, the appropriate name of 'Tegohtias,' which means 'Paroquet.' He used to say that these Indians called the great William Penn 'Onas,' the name of quill or pen in their language, 'whereas,' added he, 'on my adoption they have been more complimentary, for they have given me the name of the bird and all of his quills into the bargain.'

"Political difficulties with the Mother Country now compelled every man to choose his side. Mr. Peters, although rather intimately associated with the proprietary government, which was chiefly royal in its feelings, did not hesitate to separate himself from it, and joined the cause of his native country. While many influential members of the bar went over to the King, he stepped forward with zeal in the defense of the American rights.

"Pennsylvania was, in that early day, without a militia. The peaceful descendants of Penn and of his non-resisting companions, to whose excellent rule and exemplary conduct this State is so much indebted for its rapid growth and present prosperity, had managed its affairs even with the fierce aborigines for nearly a century without military aid or any restraint whatever, other than the authority of mild and prudent laws, upheld as much by the probity, philanthropy, and unblemished demeanor of the law-givers as by any penal provisions in the statutes themselves.

“But those quiet times were about to be disturbed. Impolitic and unjust notions respecting this country had got possession of the minds of the British ministry which led them to adopt a system destructive of our rights and liberties. The Cabinet, the Parliament, the press of Great Britain at this time misunderstood the mutual interest of the two countries pretty much as they have ever continued to do from that day to this. ‘Having their ears full of pride and airy fame,’ they treated us with ‘scurril jests and matched us in comparison with dirt to weaken and discredit our expostulations.’

“The Colonial disputes were pushed to extremity. It became necessary to arm. Mr. Peters volunteered with his neighbors, and when they assembled for the purpose of organization, he was chosen their captain. His military career, however, was cut short. A mind so gifted, studies so essentially fitted for the civil departments of government as those of Mr. Peters, soon removed him from the camp to the cabinet. Congress placed him at the head of the Board of War, where his services for many years during the struggle for independence have been acknowledged by a solemn vote of thanks by that illustrious body. Services that can have been only properly appreciated by those who knew, like his fellow-laborers, the destitute state of the country and consequent difficulties in the execution of his duties as Adjunct-War Minister. Who among us that have associated with our late venerable friend, has not often heard him advert to that gloomy period of our history in language of trepidation and doubt. At one time the army was without powder, at another lead, and always food or clothing was wanting. There were daily requisitions to which no other answer oftentimes could be given than that the public stores were empty. To illustrate the naked state of our magazines and the mental anguish of our public functionaries at that critical time, I will give you, very nearly in the words of Mr. Peters, a Revolutionary anecdote, which I thought sufficiently curious to note in writing on the ninth of November, 1823, the day that it was told to me by him.

“‘I was Commissioner of War,’ he said, ‘in 1779. General Washington wrote to me that all his powder was wet, and

that he was entirely without lead or balls so that, should the enemy approach him, he must retreat. When I received this letter, I was going to a grand gala at the Spanish Ambassador's, who lived in Mr. Chew's fine house in South Third street. The spacious gardens were superbly decorated with variegated lamps, the edifice itself was a blaze of light, the show was splendid, but my feelings were far from being in harmony with this brilliancy. I met at this party my friend, Robert Morris, who soon discovered the state of my mind. "You are not yourself to-night, Peters, what is the matter," asked Morris. Notwithstanding my unlimited confidence in that great patriot, it was some time before I could prevail upon myself to disclose the cause of my depression, but at length I ventured to give him a hint of my inability to answer the pressing calls of the Commander-in-Chief. "The army is without lead, and I know not where to get an ounce to supply it; the General must retreat for want of ammunition." "Well, let him retreat," replied the high and liberal-minded Morris; "but cheer up; there are in the Holker Privateer, just arrived, ninety tons of lead, one-half of which is mine and at your service, the residue you can get by applying to Blair, McClanaghan & Holker, both of whom are in the house with us."

"I accepted the offer from Mr. Morris," said Commissioner Peters, 'with many thanks, and addressed myself immediately to the two gentlemen who owned the other half, for their consent to sell, but they had already trusted a large amount of clothing to the Continental Congress, and were unwilling to give that body any farther credit. I informed Mr. Morris of their refusal. "Tell them," said he, "that I will pay them for their share." This settled the business, the lead was delivered, I set three or four hundred men to work who manufactured it into cartridge bullets for Washington's army, to which it gave complete relief.'

"The sequel of this anecdote shows that the supply was entirely accidental. The Holker privateer was at Martinico, preparing to return home, when her Captain, Matthew Lawler, who is still living, had this lead offered to him for ballast.

Uncertain, however, whether the market would not be overstocked by arrivals from Europe, he at first rejected it, but after some persuasion, received it on board. What thanks do we not owe to such men! Peters, watchful, diligent, devoted, toils unceasingly for his country's good; Morris, generous to prodigality, ventures his all in the holy cause! Happily for America, such noble-spirited citizens were numerous in those days. Providence seemed to have enriched the land with them in every section. As they pass from us, it is assuredly due to their memory to dwell for a moment on the mighty debt of gratitude we owe them.

"Some other passages in the life of the celebrated subject of this memoir, may appositely be placed here as having particular reference to the post occupied by him during the greater part of the Revolutionary War.

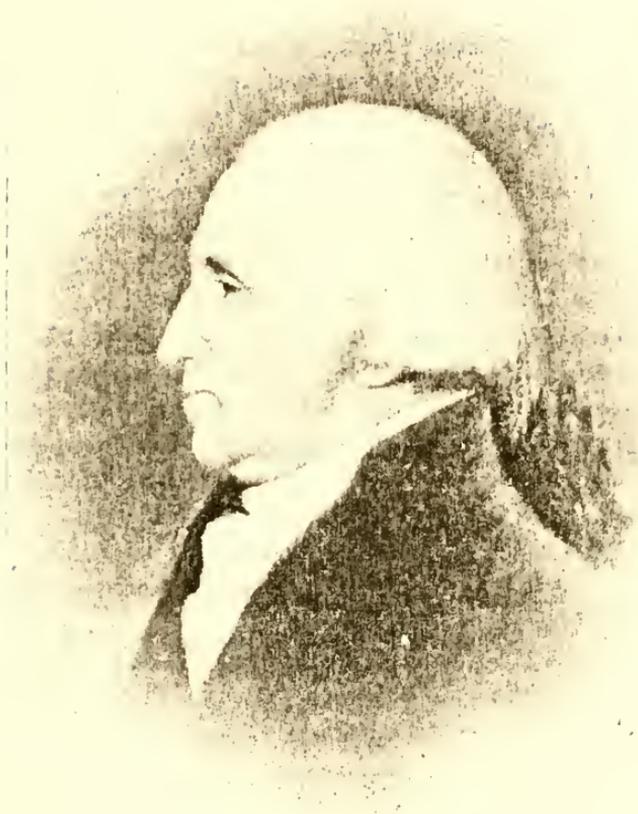
"On the eighteenth of June, 1778, Mr. Peters entered Philadelphia at the very time the enemy was evacuating the place. He went there under a strong escort sent with him by General Washington. His object was to secure clothing and stores, secreted by a friend who had remained in the city and purchased everything he could from the dealers. The British rear guard were crossing the Delaware when he arrived. He succeeded in fulfilling the wishes of the American General-in-Chief. Arnold took command of the city a few days after, while Mr. Peters returned to York in this State, where Congress then held its session. 'I left,' says Mr. Peters (in a letter to a friend), 'fifty thousand dollars, to the order of Arnold, for the payment of the clothing and stores. The traitor seized those articles and never paid for them, but converted the greater part of the money to his own use, among others to buy the country seat of Mr. McPherson on the Schuylkill. Col. Pickering and I detected him in ordering stores and provisions out of the public magazines to fit out privateers of his own, and for his extravagant family establishment. An attempt to stop this robbery produced between me and Arnold an open quarrel. I did not conceal, but wrote to headquarters my want of confidence in Arnold. When his traitorous

conduct at West Point became public, neither Col. Pickering nor myself were the least surprised at it. He was placed in that command at the solicitous request of some respectable New Yorkers who knew only his military character, which I always deemed overrated far beyond its real merit.'

"Mr. Peters' exertions became peculiarly meritorious and useful at the time when General Washington suddenly changed his intended attack on New York to that of Yorktown in Virginia. We all know that this movement closed the war.

"DeGrasse, with his fleet, offered to co-operate with the South, provided the American army could be immediately put in motion to act in concert with his fleet. His cruise off the Chesapeake, he said, would be short, and whatever the land forces intended to do must be done quickly. At this crisis there were no battering cannon ready, no means of transporting the army, which lay at Morristown in New Jersey, no money in the National treasury or military chest. Let the plan of relief be told in Mr. Peters' own words, as extracted from a letter to General Harrison of the date of the twelfth of January, 1818:

"'In the journals of Congress of July, 1781,' says Mr. Peters, 'a member of the Board of War was directed to repair to headquarters with Robert Morris, superintendent of finance, and consult with the Commander-in-Chief on the subjects therein mentioned. The member of the Board was myself. To show the prostrate condition of our pecuniary concerns, I mention that I had not in the chest of the office, without interfering with the daily common demands for contingencies, a sufficient sum for my outfit and personal expenses. Not foreseeing any extra claims for casualties, I had not provided out of my own funds against them. At Trenton, on our way to camp, I lost my horse. I could have ordered one out of the Quartermaster's stables, but I avoided the example, knowing the low state of that department. I was obliged to borrow of Mr. Morris, the money necessary to replace my loss. On my arrival at headquarters, we had frequent conferences with the General. I



GENERAL WASHINGTON.

was soon confirmed in what I had before been convinced of, that our success in the contemplated attack on New York was far worse than doubtful, and *that* was the plan of the campaign, notwithstanding historical representations to the contrary. Among them I see recently published, "A Project of Comte Rochambeau," announcing his having a long time precedently formed a deliberate plan for the fortunate achievement which closed our war. And yet I know that the change of the plan at first fixed on for the campaign was sudden and accidental. All our conferences were predicated on measures solely relating to the intended attack on New York.'

"The change of the plan originated with Washington *alone*, but let Mr. Peters' own words again be used: 'One morning at the beat of reveille, Mr. Morris and myself, who occupied the same marque, were aroused by a messenger from headquarters, and desired forthwith to repair thither. We were surprised at the circumstance, everything having been the evening before perfectly tranquil. We were more so on our meeting the General, who, the moment he saw me, with expressions of intemperate passion (which I will not repeat) handed to me a letter from the French Admiral, who commanded six or seven ships at Rhode Island. "Here," said the General, "read this; you understand the French;" then turning away, "So do I, now, better than ever." Mr. Morris and myself stood silent and not a little astonished. The letter informed the General that the writer had received by an express frigate, arrived from the fleet of Comte de Grasse at sea, orders to join that fleet in the Chesapeake, as the Comte had changed his destination on information that the bay of New York was dangerous for his heavy ships, and if anything could be done in the Southern quarters co-operation was offered during the few weeks of his intended stay in those waters to avoid the West Indian hurricane season. Secrecy was enjoined and we went our way. On returning to breakfast we found the General composed as if nothing extraordinary had happened, and measures concocting for the emergency. I had often admired these conquests over himself.

That evening, or I think the next day, a letter arrived from the Marquis de LaFayette from Virginia announcing the arrival of the French fleet in the Chesapeake. I have seen it asserted that this was the first intimation, and appearance of a preconcerted plan was given to it at the camp. This is another inaccurate historical fact. In the course of the day I was asked by the General, "Well, what can you do for us, under the present change of circumstances?" I answered, "Please inform me of the extent of your wants." Being, after some time so informed generally, I replied, "I can do everything with money, nothing without it, but what can be transported hence must be relied on." I looked impressively at Mr. Morris, who said, "I understand you, I must have time to consider and calculate." Mr. Morris shortly after told the General that he had no tangible effects, but if anticipations on the credit of his personal engagements would succeed, he could supply the means of transporting the army from New Jersey to the Chesapeake.

"In a day or two," continued Mr. Peters, "we left camp under instructions of secrecy (which we faithfully observed), until the General developed his final objects and measures to Congress. On our arrival at Philadelphia, I set to work most industriously and masked the object, for a time. By the zeal and extraordinary efforts of the staff departments, particularly that of the ordnance and military stores, sixty pieces of battering cannon and a greater number of field artillery were completely provided and finished in three or four weeks, and as any portion of the train was ready, sent off on its way to the Southern enterprise.

"Not a single gun was mounted on my arrival at Philadelphia—nor a rammer, nor a sponge or other *attirail*, nor any considerable quantity of field ammunition. No European magazine or arsenal could have done more in the time and under like circumstances. General Knox, who arrived in twelve or fourteen days, had a great share of the merit of this effort. Mr. Morris supplied the money or the credit, and without derogation from the merit of the assistance ren-

dered by the State authorities, it may be truly said that the financial means furnished by him were the main-springs of the transportation and supplies for the glorious achievement which effectually secured our independence. He issued his notes for, I think, one million, four hundred thousand dollars. They passed freely and at the value of specie, and were in time all redeemed by the Bank of North America, which he founded with money supplied from abroad; and by taxing the credit of his particular friends, and many other good friends to their country assisted him most eminently. We gave our securities to the amount of a great proportion of its capital stock. My bond was returned to me only a few days ago, amounting, as I think, to thirty thousand dollars. Who, then, knowing these things, can doubt of his having been among the most prominent saviors of his country.' 'Those were times,' Mr. Peters adds, 'when wants were plenty and supplies lamentably scarce.' The fearless manner in which property and personal responsibility were risked, is worthy of all praise. It was the tone of the day, a spirit of disinterested love of country prevailed, and a vigilance that no exertions could tire.

"In December, 1781, Mr. Peters resigned his post in the War office, upon which occasion Congress 'Resolved that Mr. Peters' letter of resignation be entered on the Journal, and that he be informed that Congress are sensible of his merit and convinced of his attachment to the cause of his country and return him their thanks for his long and faithful services in the War department.'

"After Mr. Peters left the War office, he was elected a member of Congress and assisted in closing much of the business of the war, and of the welcome peace.

"Public services, even in our own day when all is peace and plenty, are too often accompanied by pecuniary loss. What then must have been the sacrifice in the turbulent times to which I have just alluded! It was, as Mr. Peters used emphatically to call it, burning the candle at both ends. But the reward was *Independence*, exemption from the vexatious

rule of a government a thousand leagues off, the liberty to steer the vessel of state by our own compass, and this was a prize worth every sacrifice. We know the value of it, and we know how to cherish reverentially and affectionately the memory of those excellent men who so willingly offered the sacrifice and so nobly achieved the prize! This can not be too often repeated.

“The war left us in an unsettled state, which the good sense of the people soon put in order by the organization of a new government under the present constitution. The great Washington, our first President, in looking around him for suitable men to fill the posts in his gift, selected Mr. Peters for the Judgeship of the District Court of Pennsylvania. This he accepted, although he was desirous to take up his profession and enjoy some respite from public labor. Since the peace, his fellow citizens had sent him to the State Assembly, one branch of which he was speaker, at the very period, I think, when he was removed to the District Court. It was a new sacrifice to the public good, for I have heard my venerable friend say, that it comported neither with his wish nor with his interest to throw up his pursuits at the bar for an office of such small emolument. He yielded, nevertheless, to the request of the President, and assumed the exercise of its duties which he continued until his death, being a period of thirty-six years, during which time he was seldom detained from court by sickness, and never from any other cause. The Admiralty portion of his judicial functions has been greatly simplified and improved under his care, and as a jurist in other matters, his decisions have been applauded here and confirmed at Washington.

“The President, who placed him on the bench, knew him well, and took great delight in his society. When a morning of leisure permitted, that great man would drive to Belmont, the birthplace and country residence of Judge Peters; it was his constant habit so to do. There, sequestered from the world, the torments and cares of business, Washington would enjoy a vivacious, recreative, and wholly unceremonious

intercourse with the Judge, walking for hours side by side in the beautiful gardens of Belmont, beneath the shade of lofty hemlocks placed there by his ancestors nearly a century ago. In those romantic grounds there stands a chestnut tree, reared from a Spanish nut planted by the hands of Washington. Large, healthy, and fruitful, it is cherished at Belmont as a precious evidence of the intimacy that subsisted between those distinguished men. The stranger who visits these unbrageous walks trimmed and decorated in the style of the seventeenth century, pauses amid 'clipped hedges of pyramids, obelisks, and balls,' formed by the evergreen and compact spruce—to contemplate this thriving tree, and carry back his memory to the glorious and virtuous career of him who placed it there. The duties of the District Judge, particularly when associated with the Judge of the Circuit Court, became sometimes extremely painful. Two insurrections (the only ones that had taken place since the adoption of the present constitution) occurred in Mr. Peters' district. To aid in the suppression of the first, he followed the army as far as Pittsburg, the western limit of his jurisdiction, and there with his usual promptitude and prudence very satisfactorily discharged his official duties. In a few years after he was called on again to try for treason another set of rebels from the northern part of his district. His associate during part of the time was the celebrated Samuel Chase, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. The trial of these deluded insurgents, and the execution of the two acts of Congress so well known by the names of Alien and Sedition laws, gave great notoriety to the Circuit Court of this district. Its proceedings were narrowly watched by the political enemies of the federal government, until at length John Randolph, a member of the House of Representatives from Virginia thought he saw cause of impeachment in the conduct of its judges. Articles were agreed upon by the House of Representatives and sent up to the Senate against Samuel Chase, and great pains were taken to include Mr. Peters. Indeed the House inserted his name at one time, but on proper investigation it was with-

drawn under a conviction that no cause of accusation existed, and on the contrary when the examination took place, it was found that his judicial course had uniformly been marked by prudence, decorum and moderation.

"The violence of the times, the irksomeness of the court duties, the vituperative or thankless voice of the then governing party, might have discouraged an ordinary mind, or at least have limited its actions strictly to the business of the bench. Not so with Judge Peters. Almost at the moment when political strife was at its height, we find him promoting and chiefly directing one of the most beautiful and most useful improvements in the State. I allude to the permanent means of communication created in the year 1803, between the city and the country, by the erection of the great bridge over the Schuylkill at the end of High street. It belongs especially to us who reside on the west side of that river, to assert the merit of the citizen who originated, superintended and completed this noble work. Many of us recollect the interruption, the delay, and the danger of the passage twenty-five years ago, now so fully obviated by the splendid structure placed there at a cost of three hundred thousand dollars.

"Judge Peters, first president of the company at whose expense it was built, commenced his service in this work with a zeal and courage which alone could conquer the natural difficulty of the water piers. And it is proper to notice here, as illustrative of that gentleman's sagacity and fore-sight, that to his perseverance (I had almost said management) do we owe the permanency of that bridge. For the company, discouraged by the great expense, had resolved not to cover it, and governed by this determination, left it for two or three years wholly exposed to the weather, so that had not Mr. Peters by constant solicitation persuaded them to give it its present defense, its usefulness would have terminated in about twenty years, when, decayed and rotten, it would have fallen into the river. But with the cover which now protects and ornaments it, it will last a century or more.

"Before Mr. Peters became a judge, indeed soon after the war closed in 1785, he visited England. His travels in that

country and the adjoining kingdoms under British rule were extensive. He had in charge on this occasion a commission somewhat of a public nature, and which introduced him to the acquaintance of the Primate and principal prelates of the English church. Before the Revolution, the Protestant Episcopal church of this country, of which Mr. Peters was a member, was governed by the Bishop of London, but when our political connection was dissolved, no Protestant church here would consent to be regulated by a foreign diocesan. Mr. Peters, therefore, was commissioned to obtain the consent of the British prelates to ordain to the holy office of Bishop three priests of the American Episcopal church, and thus give to us a canonical succession. An Act of Parliament had already been obtained by the Bishop of London to enable him to dispense with such of the usual requisitions as were inconsistent with the engagement of certain citizens of the United States who had applied to him for holy orders. About the time the higher question of succession was agitated, the same subject was brought before the Danish government in consequence of a conversation between Mr. Adams, our then Minister to Great Britain, and the Danish Minister to the same Court to which a favorable answer was given, so that the Danish Church stood ready, in case of difficulty, to confer on our Church the necessary powers of Episcopal succession. But it is believed that this incident had no influence on the conduct of the British government or church, both of which are represented by Mr. Peters in a letter from England, dated March 4, 1786, as favorably disposed and subsequently confirmed by the courteous and friendly reception of Right Reverend and Venerable Bishop White and his colleagues, who found the Archbishops and all the Bishops who were consulted on the business, acting with the utmost candor and liberality of sentiment so that it is obvious that the English prelates were from the first ready and desirous to convey the succession to the American church; and that the only condition they made was, that there should not be such a departure either in discipline, worship, or doctrine as would destroy the identity of the two churches in their spiritual character.

"While we admire the Christian feeling which characterized the hierarchy of England at that period, it may not be thought inopportune to testify our regret at the prejudice which has grown up since among clergymen and theological writers when they have occasion to refer to the American church. Catching the illiberal spirit of the lay-journalists, the conductors of some of the British periodicals, devoted to church matters, speak of our country in language coarse and unbecoming. One theological journal of wide circulation, and published in London, reviews a sermon of the Bishop of New York by denying to him throughout the review the prelatie title of Bishop, as if too sacred or too high a dignity for people whom it purposely treats with disrespect. This critic sneeringly calls the widely extended and flourishing Episcopal church of the United States, governed as it is, by ten Bishops, and more than four hundred ordained clergymen, planted over thousands of miles, sneeringly calls it, I say, 'An obscure church on the borders of a wilderness.'

"We now approach, gentlemen, a period in the life of our departed President which brought us into close intimacy with him. It was a long period of wide-spread usefulness, in which he moved, almost without a rival. As a practical farmer, Mr. Peters had, from time to time, communicated the results of experiments made at Belmont to such of his neighbors as chose to profit by them, but he had not written much, if anything, on agriculture before the year 1797.

"His first publication was then made, and contained a statement of facts and opinions, in relation to the use of gypsum. (plaster of Paris). This pamphlet circulated widely and produced such a change in husbandry by introducing the culture of clover and other artificial grasses as gave, we all know, a magical increase to the value of farms. Estates, which, until then, were unable to maintain stock for want of winter fodder and summer pasture, were suddenly brought into culture, and made productive. Formerly, on a farm destitute of natural meadow, no stock could be supported. Even where a natural meadow existed, the barnyard was exhausted to keep up suffi-

cient fertility (in the absence of irrigation) to feed a very few horses and black cattle. Such was the situation of our husbandry for some years after the Revolution. It is proper to advert to it that we may understand the full extent of our obligations to the Judge. In the year 1777 he was shown the effects of gypsum on clover, in the city lot occupied by Mr. Jacob Barge on the commons of Philadelphia. The secret of this powerful agency came from Germany where it was accidentally discovered. Mr. Peters obtained a small quantity which he used successfully, and gradually promoted its consumption until by his example and his publication, the importation from Nova Scotia alone into the single port of Philadelphia increased to the enormous amount of fourteen thousand tons annually—this was before the discovery of that fossil in the United States. But his rural labors were not confined to the tilth of the ground, to the mere variety of the grasses, or ornamental improvement of the soil, which produced them, for we find him zealously employed in mending by crosses the breed of sheep and other animals. To him was confided the care of the broad-tail Barbary rams procured at Tunis by General Eaton. The Judge placed them advantageously, and pressed on the farmers by repeated written exhortations the propriety of using them.

“Having endeavored to portray Mr. Peters as a patriot, a legislator, a jurist, and a farmer, it remains to speak of him as a man in social life.

“Unceremonious, communicative, friendly, we who have so often shared the delight of his unequalled companionship, under this roof, and at the festive board when at our annual dinners, he gradually rose in hilarity and noisy mirth with the wine drinkers by drinking himself, as he would playfully say, ‘like a fish,’ accompanying our libations of Maderia with draughts of water. We can testify to his wonderful flow of wit, joviality and laughter-inspiring spirit. It was on those occasions that for a long evening ‘talk with fluency, mere pun, mere joke, and frolic.’

“He needed no artificial aid where nature had been so liberal and with his goblet of water by his side, he kept pace in mer-

riment with the company he was exhilarating, and this too when an octogenarian! Indeed, it was only with the lamp of life that this love of jest became extinct. Yet so well timed, in such good taste was all this gaiety, that no want of dignity or decorum was ever known. It was a spontaneous effusion, so natural and so pleasing that it made you love the man you already respected.

"As a husband, a parent, a neighbor, a sincere Christian there was, in reference to Judge Peters, but one voice. Every one united in praising his domestic and religious virtues.

"Here I conclude, with many thanks for your indulgence, and the hope that a life so usefully spent will be contemplated by us as eminently worthy of imitation, if not in all its varieties, at least in such proportions as we may be able to copy."

Through the kindness of Mrs. Roberdeau Buchanan (Eliza M. Peters) we have copies of interesting allusions to Judge Peters, from the journals of Congress. We have always stated that the Judge was "Secretary of War," and it seems that he did fill this position beyond a doubt, and was the first officer of the kind appointed by Congress—connected with the Colonial government. It may be that the place existed more as the "War Department" and that the first real *Secretary* of War entered upon the duties of his office as Mr. Peters' duties ended. There can be no question as to his being called "Mr. Secretary" publicly, on more than one official occasion. Mrs. Buchanan has been very accurate and painstaking in copying these extracts for us—it is a valuable addition to our family history.

Journals of Congress, Vol. 3. p. 541. Nov. 27, 1777—Congress then proceeded to the election of three commissioners for the Board of War, and the ballots being taken, Major-General Gates, Joseph Trumbull, and *Richard Peters*, Esquires, were elected.

Journals of Congress, Vol. 4. p. 599. Oct. 16, 1778—Resolved that the sum of four thousand dollars per annum, to commence from this day, be paid to Colonel Pickering and Mr. Peters respectively.

Journals of Congress, Vol. 3, p. 69. Monday, Nov. 18, 1781—
On motion, resolved, that Richard Peters, Esquire, be authorized and requested to continue to exercise the duties of the War Department until the Secretary of War shall enter upon the execution of his office.

Journals of Congress, Vol. 4, p. 106. Nov. 18, 1782—Mr. Fitzsimmons and Mr. Peters, two delegates for Pennsylvania, attended and produced their credentials by which it appears that the Honorable Thomas Mifflin, Thomas Fitzsimmons, James Wilson, John Montgomery, and Richard Peters, Esquires, were duly elected delegates to represent that State in Congress.

Journals of Congress, Vol. 7, p. 250. Monday, Dec. 17, 1781.
On a report of a committee consisting of Mr. J. Jones, Mr. Ellery and Mr. Osgood, to whom was referred a letter from Richard Peters, Esquire, late a Commissioner of War:

Resolved, That Mr. Peters' letter be entered on the Journal and that he be informed that Congress are sensible of his merit and convinced of his attachment to the cause of his Country, and return him thanks for his long and faithful service in the War Department. (The letter is as follows).

“War Office, November 29, 1781.

“Sir: General Lincoln having taken upon himself the business entrusted to my care, and the powers of which I was honored ceasing, I have delivered to him the books and papers of the Department and beg to take my most respectful leave of Congress as a public officer. After my having exercised under their immediate observation, for more than five years past an arduous employment, which in its commencement, I had to organize and manage, in its progress always to share, and for no inconsiderable portion of the time *solely* to support its difficulties, it is needless for me to make any professions of unalterable attachment to the Cause of my Country.

“It gives me pleasure that the situation of public affairs has, in a considerable degree, abated the embarrassment attending

the department and that the gentleman who succeeds to it will have to travel in a path, though not without its impediments, yet less thorny than that trodden by his predecessors.

"Far from being greedy after fame, I shall deem myself fortunate if, through the vicissitudes of the war and in the various scenes of business I have been engaged, I have conducted myself irreproachably.

"I am happy that the time I leave the public business is one of the most prosperous periods of the war, and that it can be agreeably contrasted with that in which I was called to it.

"I shall return on this account with great cheerfulness, because I can do it with honor, to the duties of a private citizen, and hope ere long to enjoy in peace that independence of which a prospect has animated me through many a toilsome day and will amply reward me for the loss of private ease and fortune, and all the perplexities and distress I have continually assisted to encounter in the department in which I have had the honor to serve.

"I have the honor to be, with the greatest respect,

"Your very obedient servant,

"RICHARD PETERS.

"His Excellency, the President of Congress."

Here are some extracts from the *Pennsylvania Magazine of History and Biography*, where Richard Peters was addressed as "Mr. Secretary."

Vol. I, page 245.—"I dined with the Commissioners at Mr. Strettles, the rest of the company, with Mr. Secretary Peters, etc.

Ibid.—*Journal of William Black*, p. 406: "At one o'clock p. m., at the invitation of Secretary Peters, I went with him to the Three Tunns Tavern in Water street—" Page 414: "In the afternoon arrived an express to the Secretary, with the following letter from Col. Weiser:

"To Richard Peters, Esq., in Philadelphia."

Pennsylvania Archives, Vol. 9, page 454.—Letter from Robert Morris and Richard Peters to President Moore, 1781:

War Office, Nov. 24, 1781.

SIR: A regiment of Federal troops will be stationed in this city for the ensuing winter, and are duly expected, etc.

(Signed),

ROBERT MORRIS,
Superintendent of Finance.

RICHARD PETERS,

Executing the duties of the War Department, by authority and request of Congress.

From Bench and Bar of Philadelphia, by John Hill Martin, page G. Reporters of the Admiralty:

William Peters, Oct. 24, 1744.

Richard Peters, 1771.

Page 8: Richard Peters, commissioned April 11, 1792.

Bench and Bar of Philadelphia, by John Hill Martin, page 241: Some Chester County attorneys, who practiced in the courts of Chester county:

1739.—William Peters.

1742.—Richard Peters.

1765.—Richard Peters, Jr.

Judge Peters was a great favorite in Philadelphia society, and his bon mots were frequently quoted. One night when at a supper with Judge Washington, who presided over the Circuit Court of which Judge Peters was a junior member, Mr. Peters was repeatedly urged to eat some duck. . . . At last, being again pressed, he begged the host to give the duck to Judge Washington, as he was the "mouth piece" of the court. The Judge had a sharp nose and chin, and as he grew older, they approached each other; a friend observed to him one day that his nose and chin would soon get to loggerheads. "Very likely," he replied, "for hard words often pass between them."

The Judge was dining one day at the famous "Fish Club." He sat beside the President, General Wharton. Toward the end of the meal the wine was out, and the General called for John to bring more, the Judge said, "If you want more wine, you should call for the 'demi-John.'"

A Philadelphia paper relates that immediately after his admission to the bar, and while still very young, Mr. Peters "hung out his shingle" in the shape of a sign on which these words were inscribed:

Richard Peters, Attorney-at-Law.
Business Done Here at Half Price.
(N. B.—Half Done.)

He averred that this sign drew him so much business at the start that he was soon able to charge full rates and guarantee thorough attention to business. His friends, however, declare that he never did anything otherwise than thoroughly. In his last years Judge Peters, being much interested in real estate, attempted to develop a suburban tract which he owned, and to encourage it he put up on the ground a plan of the locality, covering it, on a post, with a carefully constructed glass case. He was asked why he did that.

"Oh," said he, "if I leave it exposed every hunter who comes along will riddle it with shot, and then everybody will see through my plan."

The scheme did not succeed, and some one advised him to have it officially laid out, which had never been done.

"All right," said the Judge, "it's time to lay it out. It's been dead long enough."

On one occasion, at a large dinner party, an English sea-captain stated, among other remarkable things, that in the Mediterranean Sea he had discovered an island which had never been seen before, and that he had approached it in a boat and found it was composed entirely of soap. Judge Peters, like the other guests present, received this astonishing statement in silence, and when asked by some one what he was thinking about so intently, he replied: "I have been trying to calculate how much lye (lie) it took to make such an island of soap."

The Judge was very fond of agriculture, being the president of the first agricultural society of America. He had very little time to devote to the practical work of his own farm,

however, and his fields often presented a shabby appearance. His neighbors were very fond of telling the story of an old German who had for years been reading the "Agricultural Reports" of Judge Peters and had finally determined to pay him a visit. As he approached Belmont, he found the entrance gate without any hinges, the fences dilapidated, and the crops not equal to his own. He drove up to the house, and on the Judge coming out, he at once expressed his disappointment at the appearance of the place. The Judge replied by saying, "How can you expect me to attend to all these things when my time is so taken up in telling others how to farm." The old German was disgusted and drove home without asking for any more instructions on farming.

Judge Peters wore knee breeches with silver buckles to his shoes, and he retained his cue and powdered hair to the day of his death. It was the daily duty of Miss Mollie Delaney, an old friend of the family to dress his cue for him every morning.

The intimacy between General LaFayette and Judge Richard Peters of Belmont was the occasion of many pleasant meetings at the home of the Judge. LaFayette often alluded to the bright sayings of the Judge. On one occasion, as Samuel Breck has recorded, "The General told us at the Judge's house, that as he and the Judge made their grand entrance into Philadelphia in a barouche and four, the dust kicked up by the volunteer troopers annoyed them very much. 'Ah,' said the Judge, 'most of these horsemen are lawyers, and they are always throwing dust in my eyes.'"

On another occasion the Judge was standing by LaFayette when a young military orator in addressing the General, said: "Sir, although we are not born to partake of your revolutionary hardships, yet we mean, should our country be attacked, to tread in the *shoes* of our forefathers." "No, no," cried the Judge, "that you can never do, because your forefathers fought barefooted."

Mr. Breck adds: "While I was in the Hall of Independence waiting (in September, 1824) to be presented to General LaFayette, a Colonel Forest came up to him, fell upon his neck,

and wept like a child. The Judge, who was always at the General's side, coolly remarked that there were many kinds of trees in a *Forest* and that this, no doubt, was the *weeping willow*."

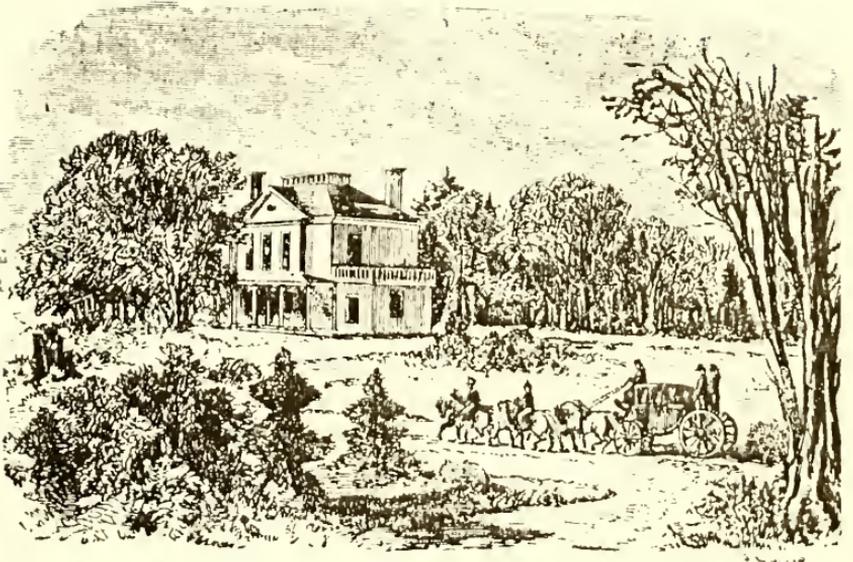
An interesting allusion to Judge Peters is made in an old and very rare book published in 1826. It was the description given by Duke Bernhard, the son of one of the German potentates who ruled Weimer, of his trip to America. He made a tour from Boston to New Orleans and back again, receiving a great deal of attention and having many dinners given him. In his account of his visit to Philadelphia in his "Travels Through North America," Bernhard says:

"I sat next to Judge Peters, a venerable gentleman of eighty-two years of age, who was Secretary of War during the Revolution. The venerable Judge sung a song which he composed the preceding evening, with a great deal of vivacity." Considering the fact that Judge Peters was nearly ninety years old, and could still write and sing songs, we feel that his "vivacity" was remarkable.

"The *Philadelphian*," a weekly journal, in a special issue of Saturday, August 17, 1901, had quite an article on William Peters and his residence, "Belmont," now included in Fairmount Park. The writer says:

"A tract of land containing two hundred and twenty acres, situated in Blockley Township on the west side of the Schuylkill river, was purchased by William Peters, who, through said purchase, first became known. The Rev. Richard Peters came to Philadelphia in 1755. He was without family or friends in the province. He was the brother of the owner of Belmont. Upon the property purchased, William Peters built a small stone house fronting the Schuylkill. It was completed about 1743. His son, Richard, who was famous as a patriot and particularly as a Judge of the United States District Court in Pennsylvania, was born in the house named, in June, 1744.

"To the estate Mr. Peters gave the name of Belmont, probably owing to its very beautiful situation. It embraced an island in the Schuylkill, afterwards known as Peters' Island.



BELMONT.

and ran from the western bank out beyond the New Ford road, known in later days as the Monument road.

“William Peters conveyed to his wife and son, Richard, the property at Belmont, the conveyance being made in 1786. Mr. and Mrs. Peters were residing in England at the time, having gone there upon the beginning of the trouble between the mother country and the colonies. In the deed Mr. Peters speaks of himself as ‘now or late of Belmont, in the township of Blockley, but now residing at Knutsford, in the Kingdom of Great Britain.’

“The reason which the parents named for the conveyance of the property was the ‘natural love and affection they have for and bear towards their son, and in recompense for the long and dutiful and faithful service rendered by their said son in the conduct and management of the estate and affairs of him, the said William, for the period of nineteen years past; with the intent also that the said family seat should remain in the family and name of him, the said William Peters, and also in consideration of the sum of £724 13s. 9d.’

“Two hundred and twenty acres or thereabouts, a small island of about two acres in the Schuylkill river, two tracts adjoining Belmont—one of ten and the other of twenty acres—and a tract of twenty-two acres originally donated to William Peters by his brother, the Rev. Richard Peters.

“Just when the large mansion on the north, adjoining the original house, was erected and whether by William Peters or Richard Peters is not known.

“Musical instruments of many kinds figure in the plaster ornaments of the ceiling of the main hall. They are in high relief, and executed in a style much superior to that of the ordinary plastering of the period, and must have been the work of an artist.

“Belmont remained in the possession of the family after the death of Judge Peters. In 1832 the peaceful quiet of the retreat was broken by the invasion of the railroad from Philadelphia to Columbia, the tracks being laid on the east side of the Schuylkill to a point somewhat south of Mount Pleasant,

where a bridge was built across the Schuylkill. The landing was upon the Peters estate. A steep ascent led to the brow of the hill, reaching a level about one hundred feet from the mansion.

"Belmont was, during the life of Judge Peters, the scene of magnificent hospitality. While the Federal government was in Philadelphia the principal statesmen of the period were frequent guests at Belmont. Washington mentions in his diary several visits to the charming mansion.

"Lafayette, when he visited America in 1824, was the guest of Judge Peters at Belmont. John Quincy Adams tells of a dinner given there on the third of October, 1824, at which he was present with Lafayette and his son, George Washington Lafayette, and others. The notables of the day were always entertained by Judge Peters, and warm receptions and bounteous feasts ruled at Belmont, among these, are mentioned Thaddeus Kosciusko, the Polish patriot; Dr. Joseph Priestly, Dr. Thomas Cooper of Georgia, and others.

"Little or no history is attached to Belmont after the death of Judge Peters until the enlargement of Fairmount Park in the year 1867, when the property, together with the adjoining estates of Landsdowne, Prospect Hill, Sweet Brier and Eggesfield came into possession of the city of Philadelphia. Belmont became a park restaurant, and changes in its appearance followed. A piazza was built around three sides of the building, and a banquet hall was erected on the grounds west of the house. In 1876 part of the most ancient portion of Belmont Mansion was demolished and other changes made. That the old-time appearance of the historic mansion has been destroyed is deplored."

In our quest for information about the olden days, we feel the utmost regret that this labor of love had not begun long years ago when "Aunt Nancy" Peters was alive. As a girl of sixteen I remember seeing the little old lady. She was a wonderful talker, and her mind was richly stored with family traditions and interesting reminiscences. We want to learn more about the Wests, the Hodges, the Robinsons and Sharps.

Of Sarah Robinson, the wife of Judge Richard Peters, we find that her ancestors came from Ireland, and were Irish Quakers. Her father married Sarah Sharp Mason, the daughter of Isaac Sharp, prominent in the history of South and West Jersey. At the outbreak of the Revolution, Thomas and Abraham Robinson, her father and uncle, were living at Naaman's Creek, Delaware, about seven miles from Philadelphia and ten miles from Wilmington. Thomas was a colonel in the Pennsylvania line, Abraham was a member of the Committee of Safety of the State. He and General Wayne, commonly called "Mad Anthony," married sisters. Their sister Sarah was Judge Peters' wife, so they were all connected with the prominent people and important events of the time. Of this "Sally," or Sarah, we find mention in a number of the books recently published on Colonial days, and she is always spoken of as the "beautiful Sarah Robinson."

From the diary of James Allen, date, Oct. 14, 1775, we quote the following: "Yesterday the Gridiron Club gave an entertainment in their usual frugal style to 23 Ladies. We danced till 10 o'clock, and were cheerful; I was in remarkably good spirits. Miss Sally Robinson bore the belle; she is a very fine Woman, both in person and in understanding." The spelling, capitals and numerals are given verbatim.

THOMAS PETERS

At the close of the Revolutionary War, Thomas, son of William and brother of Judge Richard Peters, moved from Philadelphia to Baltimore and settled there.

He married Rebecca Johnson, the daughter of Edward Johnson, a physician of lineage and professional standing. Thomas (2nd) purchased a country seat which he named the "Woodlands" and the property bears the same name to this day. He occupied positions of honor and responsibility in Baltimore, having been mayor in 1808, and was re-elected several times. He was Presidential Elector and a delegate to the State Legislature.

We have an account of him as a soldier and patriot, which we were glad to receive from his great grandson, Mr. Thomas Peters of Atlanta. To the same gentleman, we are indebted for our information pertaining to the birth-place in England of William, and for copies of old letters and other interesting documents.

Thomas (2nd) afterwards moved to Washington, D. C. His son, Thomas (3rd), of Atlanta, came to this place with his family, from Selma, Alabama, in 1880. He has for many years held prominent positions in the insurance business and owns a fine block of real estate in this city.

Since the death of Col. Richard Peters, of Atlanta, Thomas Peters is the oldest living representative of this line.

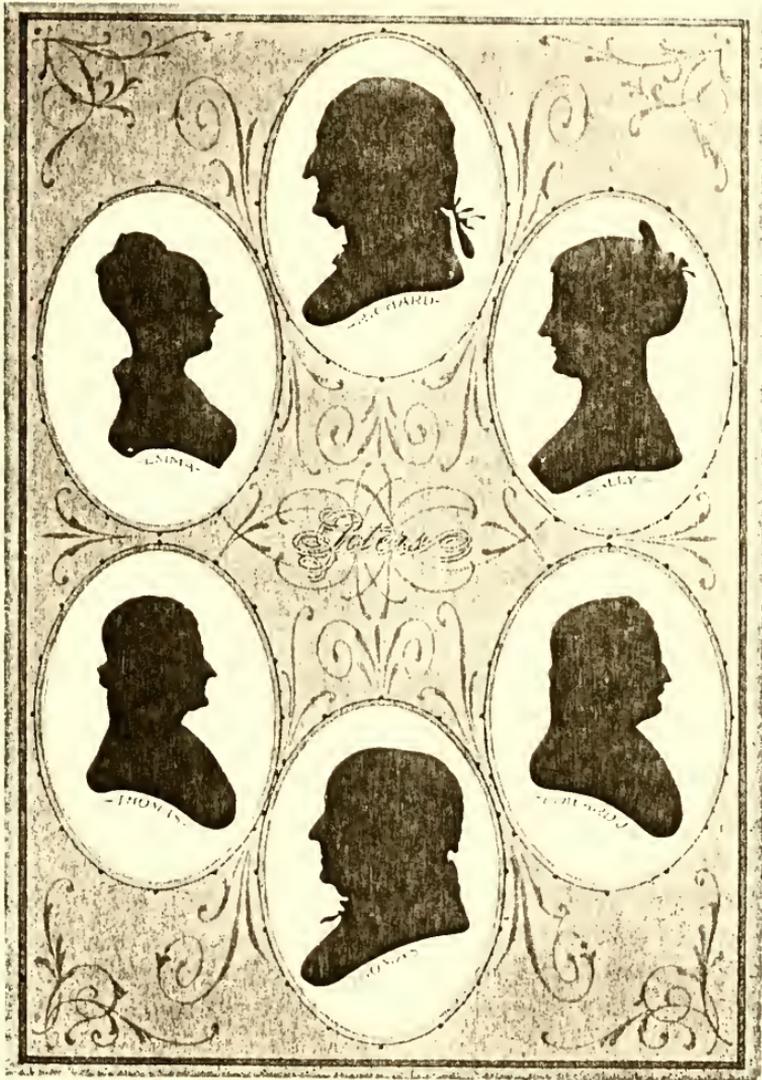
Items from the (published) Archives of the First Troop of Philadelphia City Cavalry, (1815) detailing their operations 1774 to 1815.

Extracts made with special reference to the record of Thomas Peters, of "Woodlands," near Baltimore.

A list of members of the Campaign of 1776 and 1777.

I. * * * 15. Thomas Peters. * * * 26—

These 26 gentlemen were the only effective members; they



served in the campaigns in 1776 to the spring of 1777. Were in the battles of Trenton and Princeton; took a number of prisoners, and returned home with honorable discharge from General Washington.

Discharge from General Mercer, in 1776.

To Messrs. Benj. Randolph, Jno. Dunlap, James Hunter, Jno. Lardner, Thomas Peters, and Thomas Leiper, of the Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse (a detachment).

Gentlemen :

The Light Horse of New Jersey having been properly posted for the purpose of conveying intelligence and performing such other military duty as falls within their department, as soon as convenient, proceed to Philadelphia.

Give me leave, at the same time, to express my just sense of your services, which have always been performed with the greatest alacrity and attention. I am, gentlemen, with great regards, your most ob't serv't,

HUGH MERCER, Brig.-General.

Perth Amboy, August 26th, 1776.

Discharge from General Washington.

The Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse, under command of Capt. Morris, having performed their tour of duty, are discharged for the present.

I take this opportunity of returning my most sincere thanks to the Captain and the gentlemen who compose the Troop, for the many essential services which they have rendered their country, and to me personally, during the course of this severe campaign. Though composed of gentlemen of fortune, they have shown a noble example of discipline and subordination, and in several actions have shown a spirit and bravery which will ever do honour to them, and will ever be gratefully remembered by me.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Head-quarters, Morris Town, January 23d, 1777.

On page 33, of the book from which these extracts are made, occurs the following memorandum note :

“James Budden was promoted from private to 2d. Lieu-

tenant in December 1776, in consequence of having distinguished himself in the battles of Trenton and Princeton, where a small detachment of the Troop vanquished and took prisoners a party of the enemy greatly superior in number."

In handwriting of Thomas Peters is then added this note:

"Those of the small detachment of the Troop, only 6 or 7 in number, were, as far as my memory (1818) serves: James Caldwell, Jonathan Penrose, Thomas Peters, James Budden, and the others I do not remember. We took 11 light dragoons—dismounted with muskets in hand, within three quarters of a mile of their main army in sight of Princeton—our army at Trenton—the British on their way to attack them—which men we delivered to General Washington with their arms at Trenton; they attacked the next day."

He also writes on the fly-leaves of the book, "in further elaboration of the matter:"

"A few days after General Washington took all the Hessians prisoners at Trenton, and had them crossed over to Pennsylvania. He returned and took possession of Trenton without opposition, but when there was uneasy, as he could not obtain any certain information where the British Army was, or what they were about; seeing him in this situation, a few of the Troop, 6 or 7, requested permission to go and reconnoitre and find where they were, and what about—he did so—and we found they had left Brunswick and were at Princeton, on their way to Trenton, for which information we advanced as near them as was consistent with our weak force. We observed a foraging party within about two or three hundred yards of us, returning with wagons and troops, and after they had passed we observed some troops plundering a new store house; we immediately rushed on them, who, to the number of eleven soldiers, came out of the house, formed in the yard with muskets in hand—a new post and a rail fence between us—we compelled them to surrender and lay down their arms. We brought them down to Trenton, first, each taking a soldier behind him, whose horses could carry double—the rest, whose would not, we left to bring as they could. Two or three pushed

on, as was agreed, and though pursued by a party of British Horse got safe with our men to our first outpost, and waited till the others came up with us. We found they were a party of the Queen's Light Dragoon lately from Ireland—dismounted—fine looking fellows, who were commanded by a Quartermaster and Sergeant who made their escape to the Army—by which we were pursued, but fortunately escaped with the prisoners. It gave Gen. Washington considerable satisfaction to obtain the information he wished. The names of the party, as well as I can correctly remember, (1818) were: Jonathan Penrose and Thomas Peters whose horses carried double, got first—and James Caldwell's horse passed us, having thrown his riders. The others I can not correctly remember, but will try to obtain their names."

Here a space was left, evidently for the purpose of subsequently filling in the names of the other members of the party, but this was never done. Following this, however, he continues his personal reminiscence as follows:

"I was one of three or four of the Troop who went on to Gen. Washington and offered our services to him in any way we could be of use—at the time the British Navy landed their troops on Long Island—and remained with him until the whole Troop was ordered to join him at the second attack of Trenton—which I joined again—but on re-crossing the Delaware I leaped my horse too soon out of the boat, and got very wet, with a blanket coat in which I was obliged to remain till after the battle—by which I was disabled by inflammatory rheumatism, and with great difficulty, when the British Army was on their march to take possession of Philadelphia, I got up to Little Yorktown where Congress was and when able I was appointed Commissary General of prisoners under Congress, for that district, until a few days before the battle of Germantown, in which I joined and got into Philadelphia, and there remained. This ended my military career for the time being." (Signed) 1818. Thomas Peters.

PETERS FAMILY OF AMERICA

In a letter from Mrs. Eleanor Bradley Peters of New York, who has recently published a "Peters" book, she says: "There are many totally different Peters families in this country, the Philadelphia Peters, which came over here somewhere about 1702, the Long Island Peters who came about 1703, the Salem Peters who came as early as the middle of the seventeenth century; a family in Kentucky who came from Wales (probably) about 1750, and our own family which I will call the New England Peters, whose first record is in Boston, 1659.

"Besides these families, which certainly are totally distinct in this country, there are many individuals, especially in its very early days, whom it is impossible to place. The Rev. Hugh Peters, and his brother, the Rev. Thos., who left, so far as I know, no descendants in this country, belong again to a different family from any of these I have mentioned."

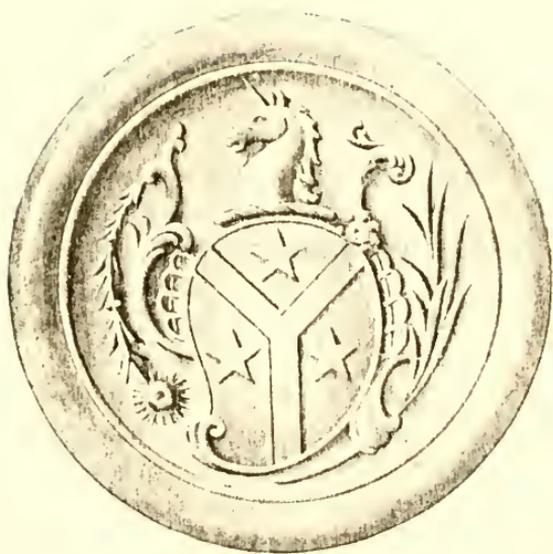
CONYNGHAM

Extract from "Families of Wyoming Valley," by Kulp, Vol. 1-3:

The founder of the Conyngham family was Malcolm. He saved the life of Malcolm, Prince of Scotland, and when the latter became King Malcolm, he rewarded Malcolm by creating the Thanedom of Conyngham. The first record is of William, Bishop of Argyle, Scotland, 1539, House of Glencairn.

He had sons, William, Rev. Alexander, married Catherine, daughter of John Murray.

Rev. Alexander had: George, Albert, William, and Alexander of Letterkenny (and twenty-three others). Alexander married Mary Montgomery, and had: Alexander, m. Helen, and had Richard, Andrew m. and had David, who died 1757 and William, Adam, Gustavus, Andrew, Florinda, Elizabeth, and Ann.



CONYNGHAM.

David m. Katherine O'Hanlon, daughter of Redmond O'Hanlon, of renown, and had Redmond of Letterkenny, who died 1784. He married, had Isabella, Mary, Elizabeth, Katherine, Harriet and Florinda.

Redmond of Letterkenny came to America before the Revolution, and married 1749, Martha Ellis of Philadelphia. He belonged to the firm of J. N. Nesbit & Co. On his return to Ireland in 1776, his son *David Hayfield* took his place in the firm, which did great service to the colonies. David Hayfield, born 1756, married Mary West and had, William Redmond, Mary Martha, Hannah Ann, Maria, Elizabeth Isabella, David, John Nesbitt, and Catherine, who married Ralph Peters.

For the above information, I am indebted to Mr. Penrose R. Perkins of Philadelphia. I will give, in addition to this extract, copies of notes sent me from other authorities, by Mrs. Stevens, the widow of Bishop Stevens of Pennsylvania, and the daughter of John Nesbit Conyngham. There are some slight variations, but in the main, the accounts tally well.

David Hayfield Conyngham was the son of Alexander Conyngham and ——— McSweeney, the daughter of an Irish Chieftain of Donegal, where the Conynghams had settled. Through the McSweenys, descent can be traced from innumerable Irish Kings to Herman the first Milesian monarch of Ireland, son of Milesius, King of Spain, B. C. 1699. This Milesius, according to Irish charts, was the thirty-sixth generation in direct descent from Adam.

The Conynghams came from Scotland and were descendants of the Earls of Glencairn.

Isabella O'Hanlon, wife of David Conyngham was the daughter of Redmond O'Hanlon, the celebrated Irish Rapparee, made famous in song and story.

Martha Ellis, wife of Redmond Conyngham, was the daughter of Robert Ellis. He evidently came to this country with William Penn, as in one of Penn's letters he says: "Honest Bob Ellis is as active and persevering as I could wish."

Robert Ellis died about the year 1745, leaving two children, a son who settled in North Carolina, and a daughter, who

married Redmond Conyngham. In Hazard's Register 1831, Vol. 7, it is said that Robert Ellis married Miss Parrineance, of Charleston, South Carolina, but I am satisfied this is an error.

From the records in Charleston of February 17, 1728, we see that Robert Ellis married Katherine Abbott. The letters of Mr. Salley, of the South Carolina Historical Society, give ample proof of this fact.

In Playfair's *British Family Antiquities*, Vol. 7, page 861, we see the marriage recorded of a daughter of the Rev. Alexander Conyngham, Dean of Raphoe to Robert Montgomery, who resided at Bonny Glyn, County Donegal, Ireland. Mr. Conyngham, after taking holy orders, went over to Ireland and was in 1611, the first Protestant Minister of Enver, Killynard, County Donegal.

His wife was Marian, daughter of John Murray; by her he had twenty-seven children. His grandfather was William Conyngham, Bishop of Argyle, Scotland in 1539, who was the son of the fourth Earl of Glencairn.

Sir Edmund Burke, in his book on the "Peerage and Baronetcy of England," has a great deal to say about the ancient origin of the Conyngham family. Burke says: "The family is originally of Scottish descent, and is of very great antiquity. According to 'Camden' the Cunninghames came to Scotland from England with King Malcolm Canmore. Frederick Van Bussan, who wrote an account of several Scottish families, says that one Malcolm, son of Freskin, assisted Malcolm, prince of Scotland, to make his escape from the tyranny of Macbeth, who had murdered his father, Duncan, and being hotly pursued, he took refuge in a barn where Malcolm Freskin concealed the Prince by forking straw over him. The Prince eventually escaped into England, still attended by the faithful Malcolm. Prince Malcolm, after his victory over Macbeth, became king. For the service rendered him, he conferred the thanedom of Conyngham with the title of Earl of Glencairn upon his preserver.

"Sir Robert Conyngham, of Kilmaurs, had sworn fealty to Edward I. but declared for Robert Bruce and had a charter of land given him. His eldest son married Eleanor Bruce."

The various Conyngham and Cuninghame families in Great Britain have the same traditions, and all the Coats of Arms have the "shake fork."

There is no variation in the ancient lineage of all these families, though the changes introduced by marriage have modified the Arms.

Crest.—An unicorn's head, crased, arg. armed and maned—
or—

Arms.—A shake fork between two mullets, sa.

Motto.—Over, fork over.

PLUNKETT

In Burke's Peerage we have this account of the connection between the Conyngham family and that of Baron Plunkett, of Old Connaught, near Dublin:

"Sir Patrick Plunkett, well known in the time of Henry the Eighth, was Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. He had a son, Rev. Thomas, who married Mary, a sister of Redmond Conyngham."

Burke also adds: "William Henry Plunkett, m. in 1791 Catherine, only daughter of John McCausland, of Straban, County Donegal." This family of Macauslands is personally known to members of our family and are well-liked. Hannah Macausland sent to Miss Ann Conyngham, of Philadelphia, many years ago, an interesting account of the origin of the O'Hanlon Coat of Arms, with which Redmond Conyngham (descended from the first son of the Dean of Raphoe) sealed his will. The story is as follows:

Redmond O'Hanlon, an Irish chieftain, was being pursued by his English enemies. Overcome with fatigue, he went to sleep on the high road, and was awakened by a lizard crawling over his face. Looking up, he saw a wild boar about to attack him. While defending himself from the boar, he was drawn from the travelled road into the woods. His pursuers passed along the road shortly after he left it and he was saved from their violence. He commemorated his singular

rescue by adopting for his Crest a lizard. The Coat of Arms represents a wild boar on a shield. He had this design drawn on a board and placed over the door of entrance to his house. This board was still in a good state of preservation a few years ago, and belongs to the family connection in Ireland now.

John Nesbitt Conyngham of Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, was one of the most respected men of his day in that section. He sat upon the Bench as Judge until the infirmities of old age caused him to retire from the office. His wife, "Ruth Ann," was descended from Col. Zebulon Butler, the "hero of Wyoming." Her father, Lord Butler, married Mary Pierce of an old New England family. Zebulon Butler was one of the first members of the order of Cincinnati and rendered distinguished service in the Colonial wars. His wife was a direct descendant of Elizabeth Hyde, the first white child born in Norwich, Conn.

Judge Conyngham's children and their descendants occupy the highest positions socially, and in the business world of Pennsylvania. His two maiden sisters, Ann and Maria, lived on Pine Street in Philadelphia for many years. They represented the most exalted type of Christian womanhood, and their home was the meeting place of all the family connection, both young and old through several successive generations, as they both lived beyond the threescore and ten years of life.

William Conyngham, of Wilkes Barre, Thomas, of Brooklyn, Mrs. Stevens, widow of Bishop Stevens, and Mrs. Parrish, widow of Charles Parrish, survive their father, the Judge.

ELLIS-CONYNGHAM DATA

Letter of A. S. Salley, Secretary South Carolina Historical Association.

Charleston, S. C., June 27, 1901.

My Dear Mrs. Black:

I think you will agree with me that the evidence below is enough to controvert the Philadelphia evidence and to show who Robert Ellis married, and who was the mother of his children.

(1). The St Philip's Parish Register of Charleston records the marriage, February 17, 1728, of Robert Ellis and Catherine Abbot.

(2). "This Indenture, made the twelfth day of July in the Twenty-fourth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lord George the Second by the grace of God of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King, Defender of the faith, etc., and in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and fifty, between Robert Ellis, late of the city of Philadelphia in the Province of Pennsylvania, at present residing in the city of London in Great Britain, merchant, and Catherine his wife of the one part, and Robert Ellis, Junior, of the said city of Philadelphia merchant, the son of the said first named Robert Ellis of the other part, Whereas in and by certain indentures of Lease and Release bearing date respectively the Twenty-ninth and Thirtieth days of July, Anno Domini, one thousand, seven hundred and thirty-five, made or mentioned between Moreau Sarazin of Charles Town, in the Province of South Carolina, Silversmith, and Elizabeth his wife of the one part, and the said Robert Ellis, the father of the other part, they the said Moreau Sarazin, and Elizabeth his wife, for the consideration therein mentioned, did grant, bargain, sell, alien, enfeoff and confirm unto the said Robert Ellis the father, all that Plantation or tract of Land," etc.

If you desire the whole of the conveyance, I can send the rest. It goes on to describe this and several other pieces of property in South Carolina, North Carolina and Pennsylvania, that Robert and Catherine conveyed to their son Robert Junior, in consideration of the love they bore him. Following that is a power of attorney to Robert Ellis, Jr., from his father.

These lands show that Ellis was connected with South Carolina from about the time of his marriage, so Robert Jr., must have been born in 1728 or 29, so as to have been 21 by July 12, 1750.

Who Catherine Abbot's parents were I have not been able to ascertain. But I have never seen the name "Parrineance" in our records, and don't believe there was such a family in this Province. We had Peromeat and Parryman, and Cath-

erine Abbott might have been a widow whose maiden name was one of these. But there were Abbotts here, and I rather think she was an Abbott. At any rate, Catherine Abbott was the name of Robert Ellis' wife.

Very truly,

A. S. SALLEY, JR.

THOMPSON

The father of Mrs. Richard Peters, Dr. Joseph Thompson, was a rare character in many particulars. His family were Scotch-Irish, all Presbyterians, and all characterized by an honesty which was unswerving even to bluntness.

His father and uncle figured at the battle of Cowpens—an old suit of Colonial uniform worn by one of them was in his possession for years—until it was finally lost or stolen.

Dr. Thompson lived to be eighty-eight years old, retaining every faculty, and full of his jokes and fun, up to the last year of his life. Coming to Atlanta as he did in her very young days, 1845, he bought a great deal of real estate, some of it now being in the heart of the city—near where the Equitable building stands was his field where he raised corn for the horses, and vegetables for his own use. The Atlanta Hotel, of which he was the most kindly, the most unique and genial host who ever opened his doors to the public, was known far and wide, until the coming of Sherman's army closed its wide-open doors and sent him with his family to Houston county as refugees.

Dr. Thompson's witticisms, always good humored and without a sting, were often copied in the Editor's Drawer of Harper's Magazine.

He never failed to give the sauce of a hearty laugh to those whose appetites were appeased at his table, and his home was a noted meeting-place for travellers from the North and South—even as the Kimball House, which stands on the same spot,



JOSEPH THOMPSON.

is to-day. People travelling by stage from Mexico, Texas, and Eastern points would have marvellous tales to tell of their journeys, and the audience was never lacking. Dr. Thompson knew every one personally who ever spent a night in his house. No small trick or peculiarity of manner or speech, escaped his keen eye. After the lapse of many years, when one of these whilom guests would return to his care, he would be greeted by a mimicry of some pronounced habit before he could say, "Doctor, do you remember me?"

This specializing, while rather personal, yet made the wayfarer feel that he had returned to home and friends where he was always welcome.

One of these guests rather had the best of the Doctor one day, but no one enjoyed the joke more than the victim. In the hotel office, the gentleman said, "Doctor, what are your terms for dinner?" Fifty cents cash, or a dollar when we charge it," was the reply. The man picked up his hat, walked off and said, "then charge it, Doctor," which ended the matter, except for the amusement it afforded Dr. Thompson to tell the story afterwards.

He was never known to refuse to stand security for any poor fellow who came to him in distress, and he never failed to be called upon to pay the debts of kindness. After the war closed he sold about seventy thousand dollars worth of real estate, worth to-day ten times this much, to settle such notes; although he could have paid them during the war in Confederate money, he refused to do so because he considered it valueless.

About the year 1858, the Georgia Railroad Bank was the only one doing business in Atlanta. When a man would come in whose note or draft needed an endorser, Mr. Clayton, the cashier, would say, "You'll have to get some one to stand for you." The man, no matter how complete a stranger in the city, would reply at once, "I'll get Dr. Thompson to sign for me." As a consequence two-thirds of the notes that went through the bank bore the Doctor's name. We are not surprised that he had to pay so many of these.

All of the Judges of the Supreme Court were great friends of Dr. Thompson, and took every opportunity to be guests under his roof. Joseph Henry Lumpkin, Hiram Warner, Henry L. Benning, of the Judiciary, all men of prominence, were devoted to him. Of the noted politicians, Alexander H. Stephens made the hotel his home for many years, in fact it was on the porch of the Atlanta Hotel that he had a difficulty with Judge Theodore Cone, a prominent lawyer from Greensboro, Ga., and was stabbed by him. Robert Toombs, the silver-tongued orator, was one of Dr. Thompson's intimate friends and admirers, as was General H. D. D. Twiggs, Major-General of the U. S. army, who made the hotel his headquarters for several years. Mr. Julian Cumming, a brilliant lawyer of Augusta, was his good friend all during his life.

During the war of the Confederacy there were more troops that passed through Atlanta than any place in the South, it being a regular distributing point for each section of the Southern army. Dr. Thompson fed these soldiers free of charge, and it was said that he served more meals to the army than all the hotels in the South put together. He would call them in companies and battalions to his dining-room and would not allow them to pay one cent. One of these companies, headed by their commanding officer, came in to thank him on one occasion. "Well," he said, "if you charge the enemy as well as you have the breakfast-table, there'll be no Yankees left."

It was well known that all the preachers, no matter of what church, were his honored guests, and were cared for "without money and without price."

On one occasion a rough, half-drunken rowdy was making a disturbance, and Dr. Thompson ordered him out of the house. Some one came up and said, "Doctor, you'd better be careful, that fellow has killed his man." His reply was, "That don't frighten me. I have been a doctor for twenty years, and I am not afraid of a chap who has killed *one* man."

Dr. Thompson, when a very young man, practiced medi-

cine in South Carolina. His parents died when he was only five years of age, and he was raised by an old aunt, Mary Carter, always called "Aunt Polly." There being no family ties to keep him in Carolina, he moved to the little town of Decatur, Ga., where he soon became known, far and wide, as a good physician. (He often said his principal stock in trade was blue mass, and the knife for bleeding people.) He went in every direction on his horse, night and day, with his saddle-bag of medicines thrown across his lap. Finally his health gave away from this exposure in all sorts of weather, and he was compelled to give up the active practice of medicine. At the time of his death, however, in 1885, he was president of the Medical College in Atlanta, having filled that office for many years.

We have an interesting sketch of him by Mrs Richard Peters (his daughter Mary Jane), written at the request of the "Daughters of the Confederacy" for a meeting when many memories of old times were revived. As it is full of reminiscences of early Atlanta, besides personal allusions, we take pleasure in reproducing it.

Mrs. Richard Peters, formerly Mary Jane Thompson, of Decatur, Ga., speaking of old times, says:

"Soon after the Indians left this part of the State and Decatur was settled, there came a young lawyer and a young doctor, who cast their lots in the new town. They both fell in love with a pretty girl of fifteen, and the lawyer won her. The late venerated Judge Hiram Warner said when the young people of the village assembled in the court-house to hear this young lawyer make his maiden speech in the famous Murrell-gang case, he thought he had never seen a handsomer couple with brighter prospects than this youthful lawyer and his sweetheart, Miss Mary Ann Tomlinson. This little belle of fifteen had another great admirer, a young man who was addicted to an occasional festive glass, and was therefore not acceptable to our demure maiden. To make this fact known as gently as possible to him, after the custom of the day, she

sent him a bouquet, consisting of a bunch of rue and thyme lying on a lettuce leaf. From this he read, 'Let us rue in time,' whereupon his attentions were discontinued.

"The happiness of the congenial couple was of short duration, a brief married life of about one year was ended by the death of the lawyer, Mr. David Young, who left his sixteen-year-old bride to mourn his loss.

"After an interval of a few months, the former lover, Dr. Joseph Thompson, my father, renewed his attentions and begged the young widow to allow him to care for her and her baby boy. One evening Mrs. Young invited a few of her intimate friends to supper, including among her guests Judge and Mrs. Ezzard, Mr. and Mrs. John Glenn, the Rev. Mr. Dickson, of the Presbyterian Church, and our young doctor.

"When the supper was over, and at a given signal, Doctor Thompson, the widow and the minister arose and the marriage ceremony was performed to the great surprise of the company, as no one knew what was to take place.

"In the course of time a daughter was born to this couple; the last day of 1830 ushered her into existence, and as this their first-born child I lived in Decatur fourteen years. No community could boast of better morals or a more kindly, Christian people; no one was tolerated whose character was doubtful. The churches were common, unceiled, weather-boarded buildings, no fires, no pews, no carpets, and yet everybody went to church regularly without even the attraction of organs or choirs.

"One man, called a precentor, stood up in front of the pulpit facing the congregation and would read two lines of the hymn at a time and raise the tune, everybody joining in with heartiness; it was not considered then that a few people should be selected to sing all the praises to God. My father filled this position from my earliest recollection, for he was one of the original founders of the Presbyterian Church in Decatur and he was also, with my mother and myself, three of the original fifteen who organized the first Presbyterian Church in Atlanta. On the twenty-second day of August, 1885, his

funeral was the first service held in the Central Presbyterian Church, for which he had labored as one of the first members from the time it branched off from the mother church on Marietta street.

"When I was a child of ten years of age my father took me to Milledgeville to an inaugural ball. This was in the year 1840. We went by stage coach. The roads were dreadful, the stage coach turned over and I lost my slipper in the mud by the roadside, and with 'one shoe off and one shoe on' I landed in Milledgeville at a store, where a new hat, to replace the one I had dropped out of the window, and new slippers were bought. These accidents did not keep me from having a good time, however. Shortly after this a great commotion was created in our town. Two large wagons drawn by many mules passed through the streets bringing the first locomotive that was to be used on the State road.

"A little later on, the civil engineers came to see about locating the Georgia railroad, but the citizens would not allow it to come into town. They said it would ruin the place. Dr. Thompson was asked to procure the right of way outside of the town and on to the terminus of the State road which he did, where it was decided a town should be located for the railroads.

"When the young city of Atlanta grew to such proportions they soon realized that Decatur had made a great mistake in not inviting the railroad officers to occupy their town.

"When the first train was to go from the terminus, now Atlanta, to Marietta, everyone who could get a vehicle, for miles in and around Decatur, came up to take that train, and a jolly time they had. A large ball was given by Mr. Benson Roberts, of Marietta, at his hotel, and the dancing was kept up all night, the crowd returning home the next day. Subsequently the railroad was completed from Augusta to Decatur. The day the first train was expected over the Georgia road the whole town walked a mile to get to the track to watch and wait for its arrival. There the people stood, or stooped down and laid their ears on the track to hear the first sound of the engine.

"At the earnest solicitation of the President and Superintendent, Dr. Thompson came to Marthasville to make a home for the railroad people. It was interesting to watch every step of progress in the new city, from going to hear Dr. Means preach in Wheat's warehouse, where people sat on pine slabs for benches, with dirt for the floor (pigs sleeping under this shelter at night), and then, when the first Sunday-school was started in the school building erected where Bratton's drug store now stands, until finally modern churches were built.

"Society in those early days was characterized by simplicity and friendliness and correctness of deportment.

"Weddings were celebrated at home and the attendants were called 'waiters.' Small girls were chosen as candle holders to light up the wedding party, there being no gas and no electricity or kerosene in those days, only tallow-dips, which each house-mother made herself.

"The first funeral I remember in Marthasville was that of a Mrs. Bell; she was carried on a wagon out Peachtree road to a little graveyard near what is now Baker and Peachtree streets. Everyone walked and friendly hands performed all the last offices for her.

"As I look around me now in this crowded city, which I have watched grow up to its present size with interest and delight, it is sad to feel that I am almost alone, of the original number who came here in 1845. I can not close these memories of the past without speaking of our first Episcopal service which was held in the parlor of Mr. Samuel G. Jones, afterwards my home. Bishop Elliott had the service and preached the sermon, the text being 'And they all with one consent began to make excuse,' which seemed highly appropriate to a number of young men who had declined my invitation to accompany me to church.

"My husband being a member of this church, I united with it over 50 years ago and have found a solace and comfort which sustains me in these years when the golden sun is setting and life's horizon seems closing about me."



MRS. RICHARD PETERS
(1901.)
Nee Mary Jane Thompson.

THE THOMPSON ANCESTRY

The first Thompson in our branch of that family of whom we have record is Joseph. He came with the Dills, from Monaghan County, Ireland, about the year 1740, and located in York County, Pennsylvania. The settlement was called Dillsburg from Matthew Dill, whose descendant, "Jane Dill," was the mother of Joseph Thompson of Atlanta. In about the year 1750 the Thompson and Collins families left Pennsylvania and emigrated to South Carolina, where in Spartanburg county, in the forks of the Tyger river, they made their home. Members of the same family connection still live at the old Thompson place.

We have not been able to find the maiden name of the wife of the first Joseph. They had two sons, Alexander, who married Nancy Collins, and Joseph, whose wife was Jane Dill.

The marriage date of Joseph and Jane Dill is not given, but from the tombstone at Oakland Cemetery (Atlanta) erected to their memory by their son, Dr. Thompson, we see that "Joseph" died in the year 1802, July first, in his thirty-seventh year. This would make 1765 the year of his birth. "Jane Dill," his wife, had preceded him by a very few months, as her death took place on April 7th, 1802, in her thirty-second year; her birth was therefore in 1770. Their first child was born in 1791. They were probably married in 1790. Four sons were the issue of this marriage, namely: Alexander, James, John and Joseph. Alexander married first, Betsy H. Alexander; second, Elizabeth Peden. He died March 15, 1877, aged eighty-six years, having been the father of fourteen children. Only four of these are living at the present time (1903) though all reached maturity. Neither James nor John ever married, the other son, Joseph, is the subject of the foregoing sketch, and we will give additional items of his birth, marriage, etc.

Joseph Thompson was born September 29, 1797; he died August 21, 1885. His marriage to Mary Ann Tomlinson Young was solemnized at Decatur, Georgia, by Rev. Dr. Dickson, on May 1st, 1827. Mary Ann Tomlinson was the

daughter of George Tomlinson and Sarah Avaline Reynolds. She was born in Asheville, N. C., on July 6th, 1811, and died in Atlanta April 23, 1849. After her death, Dr. Thompson married Mrs. Reeder of Columbia, S. C., January 19, 1851. She lived three years only, and on the 29th of June, 1858, he again sought a wife, this time the widow of Dr. Thomson of Macon, Ga.

On her death in 1878, he did not enter the marriage state once more, though there were indications that he was thinking of the subject. After seven years spent quietly at his home on Pryor street, well cared for by his family servants and his children, whose homes were all in the same city, he died at the advanced age of eighty-eight years, in the full possession of all his faculties.

His Maltese cats were great pets with him and would look into his eyes as he lay in his big, old-fashioned, mahogany bed, with almost human affection and sympathy.

The children born to Joseph Thompson and his wife, Mary Ann, were as follows:

Mary Jane, b. Dec. 31, 1830, m. Richard Peters, February 18, 1848.

Sarah Avaline, b. Nov. 19, 1832; d. Dec. 29, 1832.

James William, b. Oct. 24, 1833; d. May 20, 1835.

Julia Caroline, b. Dec. 6, 1835; m. William P. Orme Aug. 23, 1853, d. Nov. 15, 1889.

George Harvey, b. Jan. 16, 1838; d. Dec. 18, 1864.

Joan, b. April 6, 1840; m. Thomas M. Clarke Nov. 8, 1859.

Joseph, b. May 31, 1842, m. first, Augusta Hill, Dec 16, 1867, second, Emma Mims, Aug 7, 1884.

John Edgar, b. July 9, 1844, m. Henrietta B. Hill, Dec. 18, 1867.

Atlanta, b. July 31, 1846; d. Oct. 6, 1847.

It is a singular fact, that from the same county of Ireland also emigrated several of the persons whose names enter into the Peters ancestry. It proves that the contagion of a desire to explore new countries spread in the old towns of Scotland, England and Ireland to such a degree that whole families

came away together, settled together, and sometimes changed from one section of the United States to the other without breaking up the continuity of friendship and home-making. Is it any wonder then, when we explore the old records, that we find so many family lines crossed and re-crossed, making us feel more fully than ever, the universal brotherhood of man?

Marriages were contracted earlier in those days than now, and the natural and also limited choice between the boys and girls would be that furnished by propinquity, backed in many cases by the will of the old people.

In Gibson's History of York County, page 660, is the following account of Matthew Dill: "He was one of the first settlers of the vicinity of Dillburg, locating there about 1740. He came from Monaghan County, Ireland. The name Dill is Danish. The ancestors moved to England and some of them from there to Scotland, at the time of Oliver Cromwell. Matthew Dill, the immigrant of 1740, became one of the Court Justices of York County, but before this, had commanded a company against the Indians. He died October 13, 1750, aged fifty-two years.

Joseph, and it is probable his brother, Alexander Thompson, left this settlement of the Dills, for South Carolina in 1750-60, according to the records of Howe's History of the Presbyterian Church in South Carolina. He and his brother or sons served in the battle of Cowpens (one as captain), and other Revolutionary fights, and for this service were given grants of land in Kentucky. Alexander went to Kentucky at the close of the war, and exchanged the land for horses, which were taken back to South Carolina. Some members of the family must have settled in this State, however, as the land upon which the town of Princeton, Kentucky, stands was given by the descendants of Enoch Prince, who married a Thompson, of this connection.

Owing to the destruction by fire of the records in Greenville District, South Carolina, during the war, it has been impossible to collect many names and dates that would be valuable to us, but it is a pleasure to have gathered this much together.

From the State records at the Capitol in Atlanta, Georgia, we have copied the following order which relates to our great grandfather:

"State of Georgia—This is to certify that Joseph Thompson hath steadfastly done his duty from the time of passing his act at Augusta: to wit, on the 20th of August, 1781, until the total expulsion of the British from this State, and the said Joseph can not to my knowledge or belief be convinced of plundering or distressing the country and is therefore under the said Act entitled to a Bounty of 250 acres of good land free from the taxes for ten years.

Given under my hand and seal at New Savannah, this 23d day of March, 1784.

JOHN TWIGGS, B. G.

It is of interest to know that "New Savannah" was a settlement of old times, or rather a fort was located there. It lies fifteen miles below Augusta, Georgia, and the name is still used to designate a high bluff on the Savannah river—the fort was probably erected on this bluff.

The close proximity to Augusta of the scene of these passages in the life of our Thompsons, makes it interesting to note the grave of a very distinguished officer in the Revolutionary War, which can be seen in St. Paul's Churchyard, Augusta. It bears the following inscription:

"Here lies the body of William Thompson, Esquire, who was an officer in the 9th Pennsylvania Regiment of the late American Army, from its foundation in 1776 to its dissolution, and amongst his American brethren made an offering of his blood on the altar of liberty, he departed this life on the 19th day of March, 1794, aged 45 years, and as a testimony of her regret, and in remembrance of him, his disconsolate widow hath caused this stone to be placed as a covering to his bed of rest."

He was a member of the order of Cincinnati and other societies. I believe he belongs to the same connection as our Thompsons, but have not discovered the link yet.

In the same graveyard is a grave-stone "In memory of Daniel Dill, who died August 15, 1816, in the 88th year of his age"—this admits of the presumption that some of the Dills came South about the same date the Thompsons did. Possibly Daniel was the son of Matthew Dill of Pennsylvania, as the dates would agree very well.

TOMLINSON-REYNOLDS

The Southern branch of the Tomlinson family descended from Joseph Tomlinson, who came to New Jersey in 1685 from England. He died in 1719, and his descendants were scattered through Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Ohio, then through Virginia into the Carolinas. Joseph Tomlinson was a learned man and first King's Counsellor in New Jersey. The Tomlinsons in the South from whom we are descended were largely Quakers; they were more than ordinarily cultured and refined. The family likeness is very strong—the men are sturdily built, the face is long and oval, the hair is generally thin on the temple and the ears are large and outstanding. One of the same family connection is a member of Parliament in England. We trace kinship with Tomlinsons in New York, Michigan, Alabama, New Jersey and North Carolina. The father of George Tomlinson, who married Avaline Reynolds, was Humphrey B. Tomlinson. He lived at Asheville, North Carolina, where many of the family connection still reside. We have no record of his wife's name. The Tomlinsons have a coat of arms but we have not secured a description of it.

REYNOLDS

The Reynolds family was originally from England, also where the name was spelled in several different ways, being Rennells, Runeles, Runniels, Renols, Reynell, or Reynold. One of the Reynold coats of arms has for a crest a fox holding a rose in his mouth, the name indicated a bearer of dispatches, one who "ran ells," perhaps two English ells at a stride, hence the name Runnells. Another explanation is that the family lived beside a brook; the Scotch word "runcell" being a term

for a rivulet or brook. The ancestor of Avaline Reynolds, mother of Mrs. Joseph Thompson, came from New Haven, Connecticut. He moved to Wilkes County, North Carolina, in the early part of the eighteenth century. His name was Elisha. Members of this family took part in the Revolutionary War. The first Colonial Governor of Georgia was General John Reynolds. No less than five other States have, at different times, bestowed the office of governor of the commonwealth upon a Reynolds. To this roll may be added brilliant jurists, physicians, orators, educators, men of prominence in business enterprises and in the church, some of the most profound thinkers of the day.

Many a Reynolds has fallen on the battle-field. Six brothers fought side by side in the Revolution.

It remains for some one interested in this most fascinating work of following the golden thread of the family line as it is woven through ancestral warp and woof to show our connection with these various families, but it has been impossible for the writer to do more than establish the record of our ancestor from Connecticut.

PETERS.

Atlanta, Ga.
February 6, 1889.

Ralph Peters

B. Nov. 28, 1777.
D. Nov. 11, 1842.

Res. Pennsylvania.
B. Yorktown, D. Lime Ridge, Pa.

Richard Peters

B. June 22, 1744.
D. Aug. 22, 1828.
Res. Belmont, Philadelphia.
M. Aug. 22, 1776

Sarah Robinson,
D. Dec. 22, 1804.

William Peters

B. 1702,
D. Sept. 1789,
Res. Philadelphia,
Pa., and Knuts-
ford, England.
M. 1741.

Mary Brientnall

Thomas Robinson
B. Feb. 28, 1714.
Res. N. A. in an's
Creek, Del.
M. 1738.

Sarah Sharp Mason

Ralph Peters

D. 1776,
Res. Liverpool, England.

—Pewson (?)

John Brientnall

D. April 22, 1747.
M. May 28, 1717.

Susanna Shoemaker

David Brientnall
Derbyshire, England.
M. 1682.
Jane Blanche, Phila., Pa.

Jacob Shoemaker.

Margaret Grove,
Daughter of Richard Grove

Abraham Robinson

B. 1684 (?)
Res. Dublin, Ireland.

Jane Green.

B. Moore, County of W'smeath, Ireland

Isaac Sharp.

Res. Killance, Queens
Co., Ireland.
M. 1705.

Anthony Sharp.

M. June, 1684
Anne Crabb,
Wiltshire, Eng.

Marionist District, Pa.

RICHARD PETERS.

B. November 10, 1810.
M. February 18, 1848.

Res. Atlanta, Ga.
D. February 6, 1889.

Ralph Peters

Res. Pennsylvania,
B. Yorktown, D. Lime Ridge, Pa.

Richard Peters
B. June 22, 1744.
D. Aug. 22, 1838.
Res. Belmont, Phila-
delphia.
M. Aug. 22, 1776.

William Peters
B. 1702.
D. Sept. 1789
Res. Philadelphia, Pa., and Kingsford, England.
M. 1741.

Mary Bretnall

D. April 22, 1747.
M. May 23, 1717.

Susanna Shoemaker.

David Bretnall
Dorchester, England.
M. 1688.
Jane Blancher Phila, Pa
Jacob Shoemaker.

Margaret (Howe),
Daughter of Richard Howe

Abrabam Robinson
B. 1684 (?)
Res. Dublin, Ireland.

Jane Green
B. Meary, County of W. smeth, Ireland

Isaac Sharp.
Res. Killmore, Queens
Co., Ireland.
M. 1708.

Anthony Sharp
M. Jane, 1781
Anne Crabb,
Wife of Dr. Long.

Sarah Robinson,
D. Dec. 22, 1804.

Thomas Robinson
B. Feb. 28, 1714.
Res. N. a. m. an's
Coek, Del.
M. 1738.

Sarah Sharp Mason

Margaret Brathwaite

Alexander Conyngham

David Conyngham
D. 1756.

— Mosehney

Redmond Conyngham
B. 1719.
D. Feb. 1784.
Res. Letterkeny,
Ireland, and
Philadelphia
M. Jan. 13, 1750.

Redmond O'Tolan

Robert Ellis
Martha Ellis,
B. Feb. 13, 1731.
D. April 19, 1768.

Catherine Abbott, of Charleston, S. C.

D. 1745. Res. Philadelphia
M. Feb. 17, 1728.

David Hayfield Conyngham
B. 1730.
D. March 5, 1834.
Res. Phila., Pa.
M. Dec. 4, 1776.

William West
B. Ireland
D. Oct. 28, 1782,
Philadelphia.
M. Aug. 18, 1757.

William West

Mary West,
D. August 27, 1830

Mary West,
D. August 27, 1830

William Hodge
B. Nov. 24, 1704.
D. Jan. 28, 1788.

William Hodge

Mary Hodge,
B. Nov. 6, 1737.

B. In Ireland. D. Jan
24, 1726, in England.

Mary Hodge,
B. Nov. 6, 1737.

Margaret —
D. Oct. 13, 1730
In Ireland.

Catherine Conyngham

M. Oct. 2, 1806,
Buried Towanda, Pa

B. August 29, 1786.
D. May 14, 1839.

B= Born.
M= Married.
D= Died.
Res.= Resided.

THE PETERS FAMILY IN ENGLAND.

Since the publication of this volume, we have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Thomas Entwisle Peters (address Arthur's Club, St. James St., London), and we find he has studied up the Peters family very thoroughly. We take pleasure in inserting a page containing the additional information obtained from him.

Our line as given in previous pages of this book began with Ralph of Liverpool. We learn that his father was Matthew Peters, who died prior to 1705. His wife's name is unknown as yet. He had three children, (1) Ralph, (2) William (died without issue), (3) a daughter (who also died without issue). Matthew Peters had a brother William, who married Margaret Rycroft, probably April 4, 1676, daughter of William Rycroft. William lived at Hindley and had two children—Peter (married Mary Wilson of Leeds) and Agnes, neither of whom had issue.

1. Ralph, "Town Clerk of Liverpool."

Married Esther Proeson (sister of Thomas Proeson). He inherited the property of Peter Peters. Issue: (1) William, (2) Richard (the Reverend, whose record has already been given very fully), also several daughters of whom there is nothing known.

1. William, b. 1702; m. 1st, Elizabeth Bayley; 2d, Mary Brientnall of Philadelphia.

We will give here the record of his children by the first wife only, as the descendants from the second wife, Mary Brientnall, are given elsewhere.

Issue: (1) Ralph, (2) James (died without issue), (3) Eleanor (died without issue).

Ralph, m. Elizabeth Entwisle, Jan. 14, 1761.

He was Recorder of Liverpool and a celebrated North of England Barrister. Issue: (1) Ralph.

1. Ralph, m. ——— Blackburn.

He sold the old Peters property, Plattbridge Hall, Wigan, when coal was found on the estate and went to Southport to live. Issue: (1) Ralph (died without issue); (2) Thomas; (3) Frances, m. Mr. Hamilton, had issue; (4) William.

2. Thomas, m. Frances Curtis Hayward; d. 1889.

Was educated at Rugby School and Oxford University, was M. A. at Oxford. He is said to have been the original "Tom Brown" in the well-known book "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby." He was rector of Eastington, Gloucester, for forty-five years; is buried at Bath. Issue: (1) Ralph; (2) Frances, m. Sir Thos. Crawley-Born, of Flaxely Abbey, Gloucester, and had issue.

1. Ralph, b. 1811, m. Harriet Rose MacNair, daughter of General MacNair, was educated at Trinity, Cambridge. Issue: (1) Flora Constance, b. 1870, m. Major T. Dixon of the Burmah Police, had issue; (2) Thomas Entwisle; (3) Ralph; died an infant; (4) Frances Louise, b. 1872; m. T. G. Matthews of Newport Towers, had issue.

2. Thomas Entwisle, b. April 1, 1872.

Educated at Rugby and Cambridge; m. Gladys Morgan Whitin, of New York. Issue: Jocelyn Entwisle, b. March 14, 1902; Ralph Whitin, b. Aug. 13, 1903.

4. William (of Ralph and Miss Blackburn).

Married Miss Levy, d. 1591. Issue: (1) Arthur (died in first Egyptian Campaign of the English Army, no issue); (2) Harry Brooke; (3) Amy, m. Mr. Douglas Hamilton and had issue; (4) Mary, m. Mr. Spedding, had issue.

2. Harry Brooke, b. 1812 (educated at Eton, m. Hon. Rosalind Butler, daughter of Lord Dunborne), Colonel of Fourth Hussars and Major-General in the Army; has two sons—Henry and Arthur.

This completes the record of the descendants of William by his English wife, just as the descendants on this side the ocean come from William by his American wife. We feel that our book would be incomplete without these facts and we are grateful to Mr. Thomas Entwisle Peters for the study he has made of the English records.

PETERS GENEALOGY

Ralph, b. about 1660-70; m. —; d. —; residence, Liverpool, England; barrister, town clerk of Liverpool, sheriff of Lancaster County.

Issue: (1) William, (2) Richard, (3) Ralph.

SECOND GENERATION.

1. William, b. 1702; m. first in England, name of wife unknown to the editor, had son Ralph by this marriage—if there were other children we have not the names; m. second, Mary Brientnall of Philadelphia in 1741; d. Sept., 1789, at Knutsford; buried at Hindley near Wigan, England, in Parish Church of All Saints.

Mary Brientnall, daughter of John Brientnall and Susannah Shoemaker, of Philadelphia.

Issue: (1) Richard, (2) Mary, (3) Thomas, possibly William.

2. Richard Peters (of Ralph), b. 1704, Liverpool; m. — Stanley of England; d. July 10, 1776, in Philadelphia.

Issue: A daughter called Grace, who died at an early age.

3. Ralph of England.

No record except that from what Sir Edmund Burke tells us in his "Landed Gentry"—he is closely connected with the family having an estate in Wales and now resident at Harefield House, Lympston, Devon, England.

THIRD GENERATION.

1. Richard (of William and Mary Brientnall), b. June 22, 1744; m. Sarah Robinson, Aug. 22, 1776; d. Aug. 22, 1828; buried in St. Peter's Churchyard, Philadelphia.

Sarah Robinson, daughter of Thomas Robinson and Sarah Sharp Mason of Naaman's Creek, Del.

Issue: (1) Ralph, (2) Richard, (3) Maria Wilhelmina, (4) Thomas, (5) Sarah Robinson, (6) Thomas (again).

2. Mary, b. Dec. 16, 1750.

Nothing definite known of her, it is said she married — Smith.

3. Thomas, b. Aug. 5, 1752; m. Rebecca Johnson (daughter of Edward Johnson, a physician of Baltimore). Thomas d. 1821.

Issue: Rebecca, Ann, Sally, Eliza, Maria, Emma, Edward Johnson, William, George, Thomas.

4. Ralph.

No record except letter from his wife "Elizabeth" Preeson (?) and of his tomb at All Saints Church, Hindley, England.

FOURTH GENERATION.

1. Ralph (of Richard and Sarah Robinson), b. November 28, 1777, at Yorktown, Pa.; m. Catherine Conyngham, Oct. 2, 1806; d. Nov. 11, 1842; buried in St. Stephen's Churchyard, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Catherine Conyngham, daughter of David Hayfield Conyngham and Mary West of Philadelphia.—b. August 29, 1786, d. May 14, 1839.

2. Richard, b. August 4, 1779; m. Abigail Willing, March 1, 1804; d. May 2, 1848.

Abigail Willing, daughter of Thomas Willing and Anne McCall of Philadelphia.

Issue: Nancy, Eliza Spring, Francis.

3. Maria Wilhelmina, b. Aug. 26, 1781; m. William Shippen Willing, Jan. 6, 1802.

Issue: (?)

4. Thomas, b. November, 1782; d. September 22, 1784, in Philadelphia, aged one year and ten months.

5. Sarah Robinson, b. November 5, 1785; d. Sept. 24, 1850, at a very advanced age; unmarried; buried in St. Peter's Churchyard, Philadelphia.

6. Thomas, b. at Belmont, August 4, 1787; d. —; no further record of him but this.

These entries are in Judge Peters' own writing; they are taken from his family Bible, a prayer-book now the property of Charles E. Dana.

FIFTH GENERATION.

1. Mary (of Ralph and Catherine Conyngham), b. Oct. 26, 1807; d. April 2, 1895; unmarried; buried at Woodlands, Philadelphia.

2. Richard, b. November 10, 1810; m. Mary Jane Thompson, Feb. 18, 1848; d. February 6, 1889; buried in Oakland Cemetery, Atlanta, Ga.

Mary Jane Thompson, b. December 31, 1830, daughter of Joseph Thompson and Mary Ann Tomlinson Young, of Decatur, Ga.

Issue: Richard, Mary Ellen, Ralph, Edward Conyugham, Catherine Conyugham, Joseph Thompson, Stephen Elliott, Charles Quintard, Anna May.

3. Henry, b. Jan. 26, 1813; d. Aug. 11, 1817, of scarlet fever.

4. Ralph, b. May 3, 1815; m. Mrs. Carr, or Kerr, of St. Louis, Mo.; both dead; buried in St. Louis.

Issue: One child, a girl who died young.

5. Sarah Helen, b. Dec. 21, 1816, at Belmont; m. 1842, Edmund Lovell Dana of Wilkesbarre, Pa.; she died June 13, 1893, in Paris; is buried in the Cemetery of St. Germaine en Laye, Paris, France.

Edmund Lovell Dana, Judge of the Court of Luzerne County for years, captain of 1st Pennsylvania Volunteer Infantry, 1816-18 Advanced to Brigadier-General in 1865. He was born January 23, 1817, d. April 25, 1889—buried at Wilkesbarre, Pa.

6. Anne M., b. 1819; d. Feb. 6, 1904, in Paris, France, where she is buried in Mont Parnasse Cemetery; unmarried.

7. John C., b. 1822; d. August, 1839.

8. William Graham, b. 1824; m. Eugenia E. Coryell 1855; d. May 19, 1870.

Eugenia E. Coryell, born July 3, 1832, d. May 19, 1870; her father was ——— Coryell of Pennsylvania, her mother was Sophia Head Nelson (a widow).

Issue: (1) Catherine Sophia, (2) William Allison, (3) Eugenia C.

9. Charles Edward, b. November 5, 1826; died July 29, 1857; unmarried.

He was made deaf and dumb by an attack of scarlet fever. Was devotedly kind to all the children in the family and they adored him.

10. Eleanor McCall, b. November 1, 1829; m. Edward Rodman Mayer 1854, of Wilkesbarre; d. 1869; buried at cemetery on the river bank at Wilkesbarre.

Her memory has always been a precious heritage to her nephews and nieces—she was like a burst of sunshine in every gathering and was always a happy, devout christian. She was a foster mother to the writer for three years and has been the inspiration of many deeds of kindness.

No issue.

2. Francis (of Richard and Abigail Willing) b. —; d. —; m. Marie Louise Miller, October 29, 1839.

Maria Louise Miller, only child of Samuel Miller and Maria Bedinger of Philadelphia.

Issue: Samuel Winslow, Maria Bedinger, Richard, Evelyn Willing, Thomas Willing.

3. Nancy, d. in Philadelphia at an advanced age; unmarried.

4. Eliza Spring, b. —; m. John Field; d. 1900 (?) East Grimstead, Sussex, England, in a house that was burned to the ground before she could be rescued from the second story.

No issue.

1. Thomas (son of Thomas and — Johnson) b. Aug. 13, 1797; m. June 27, 1838, Hester Ann Cohen; d. —.

Hester Ann Cohen was the daughter of Rabbi Cohen of Richmond, Va., who married — Burdette, daughter of Sir Charles Burdette, of London.

Issue: Thomas, Sallie, Rebecca, Ralph, Eliza, Jesse.

2. Rebecca, m. William Stansbury, of Baltimore.

Had home in suburbs of the city called, "Tuscarora." In 1865 this property was cut up and sold as city lots. John Street and Central Avenue were cut through it.

Issue: Thomas Peters (died young.)

3. William, m. Miss Swain, of Charleston; he was in the navy and died without issue.

4. George, d. unmarried.

5. Edward Johnson, b. 1800; d. 1864; unmarried.

6. Ann, d. unmarried.

7. Sally, d. unmarried.

8. Eliza, d. unmarried.

9. Emma, d. unmarried.

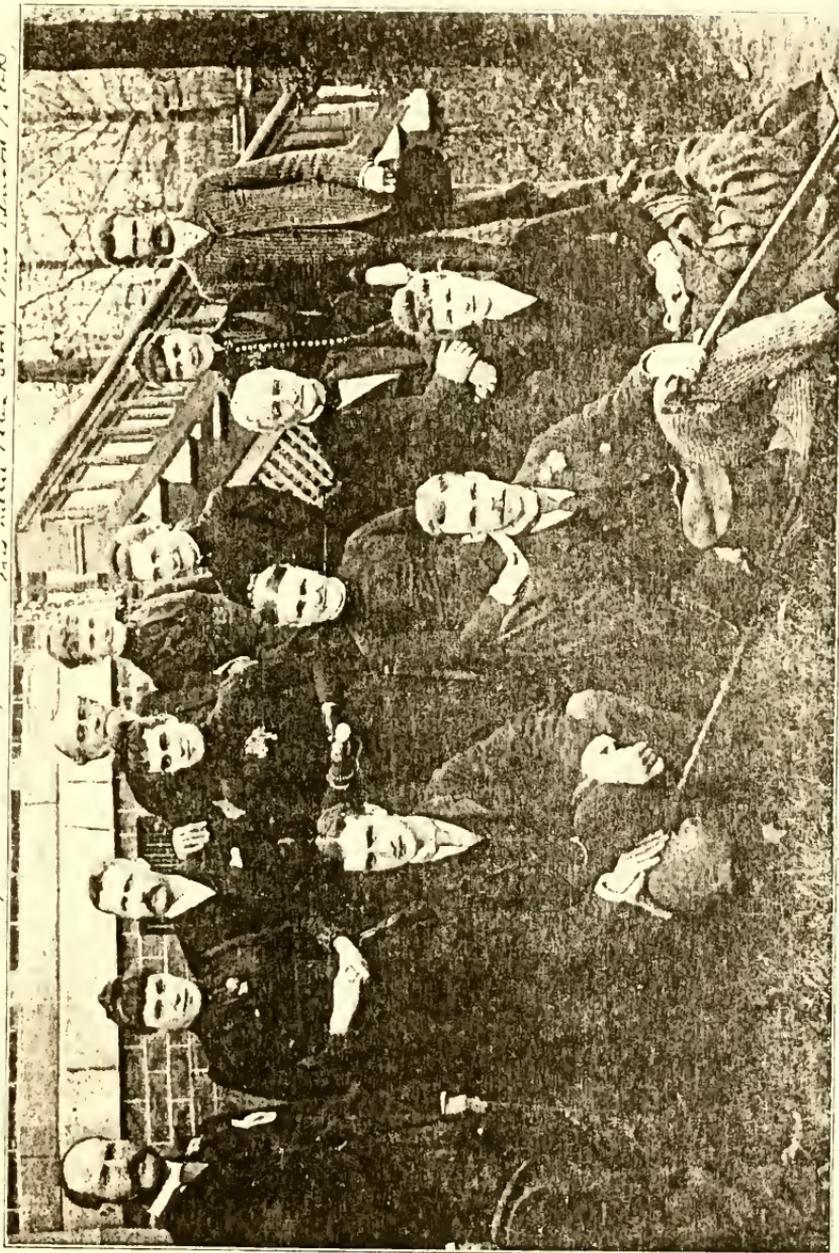
10. Maria, d. unmarried.

Rich. Peter, Jr., his wife,

and their family of eleven,
at their residence, C. Peters,

Rich. Peter, his wife

and their family of eleven, at their residence, C. Peters,



Richard Peter and his family of eleven, at their residence, C. Peters, April 5, 1888.

RICHARD PETERS AND FAMILY.

(April 5, 1888.)

RALPH PETERS BORN A RAILROAD MAN.

Father of New Head of Long
Island Road Was Promi-
nent in His Time.

Ralph Peters, the new President of the Long Island Railroad, is a product of the merit system of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He has successfully stood the test of tenure of office on several occasions by his individual ability. He comes from a line of railroad men. His father was Richard Peters, a native of Philadelphia, a civil engineer, first employed on the old Camden and Amboy Railroad, now a part of the Pennsylvania system.

The elder Peters was associated with J. Edgar Thompson on the old Camden and Amboy Railroad, and subsequently with the Pennsylvania. So intimate became the relations between the elder Peters and Thompson, the Nestor among American railroad men, that when the latter went to Georgia many years ago to construct the Georgia Union Railroad from Atlanta to Augusta the former went with him and became his chief assistant.

After the completion of that enterprise Mr. Thompson returned to Philadelphia to continue the work of building up a gigantic railroad system, but his old friend and assistant decided to remain in the South, where he became the superintendent of the Georgia Rail-

road, and where he remained in active railroad work until his death in 1889.

It was after his removal to the South that the elder Peters met Mary J. Thompson, daughter of Dr. Thompson, of the old South Carolina stock that was prominently identified with that State's early revolutionary history. The new President of the Long Island Railroad on his father's side is descended from old Judge Richard Peters, of Philadelphia, who was a member of the Board of Commissioners for the war and was its first Secretary of War in the days of the Continental Congress.

Ralph Peters was educated in his native city and at the University of Georgia, where he graduated in its class of 1877. He began his railroad career at once as the superintendent of the old Atlanta Street Railway Company, and two years later went to Pittsburg, where he became the secretary to the superintendent of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad, then as now a part of the Pennsylvania system.

So rapidly did he develop that when in 1881 a vacancy occurred in the superintendency of the Western division of the Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Canal, extending from Logansport to Chicago, he was appointed to fill it. In June of the same year he was made superintendent of the Little Miami division of the Pennsylvania, with headquarters in Cincinnati.

In addition to this responsibility Peters was subsequently made Superintendent of the Cincinnati, Georgetown & Portsmouth Railroad. In this dual capacity he so faithfully represented his employers that when a man capable of taking care of the interests of the Pennsylvania as the superintendent of the Southwest Division was wanted three years ago, he was selected and in that field he continued until a few days ago, when President Cassatt called him higher.

Though he will reach his fifty-second milestone next November, his blond complexion and general appearance do not suggest more than forty years. In Cincinnati, Mr. Peters's home for twenty years, he came to be known not only for his many sterling business qualities, but for his social good fellowship.

SIXTH GENERATION.

1. Richard (son of Richard and Mary Jane Thompson)
b. Nov. 2, 1848; m. Harriet Parker Felton June 30, 1874.

Harriet Parker Felton, b. August 16, 1851,—daughter of Samuel Morse Felton of Massachusetts and Maria Low Lippitt of Rhode Island.

Issue: Edith Macausland, b. Nov. 2, 1875; Ethel Conway, b. November 19, 1879; Richard, b. Dec. 25, 1880; Samuel Morse Felton, b. March 18, 1883; Hope Conyngham, b. March 31, 1890.

Richard Peters at this date (1904), resides in Philadelphia, is a director in and connected with the Pennsylvania Steel Co., and other corporations. His family occupy the same high position in social life as his ancestors did in the early days of Philadelphia.

2. Mary Ellen (called Nellie), b. February 9, 1851; m. April 17, 1877, George Robison Black.

George Robison Black, b. March 24, 1835, d. November 3, 1886—son of Edward Junius Black and Augusta George Anna Kirkland, of Beaufort Dist., South Carolina.

Issue: Nita Hughes, b. July 12, 1878; Louise King, b. December 4, 1879; Ralph Peters, b. February 22, 1881.

Nellie Peters Black is manager of the Richard Peters Farm, President of the Free Kindergarten Association, member of the Colonial Dames, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

3. Ralph, b. Nov. 19, 1853; m. Eleanor Hartshorn Goodman, June 7, 1882.

Eleanor Hartshorn, b. May 17, 1863, daughter of William Augustus Goodman and Lucy Ann Grandin of Cincinnati, Ohio.

Issue: Eleanor Hartshorn, b. May 8, 1884.

Pauline Faxon, b. March 14, 1886; Ralph, b. May-5, 1887; Dorothy, b. October 24, 1891; Helaine Piatt, b. October 15, 1896; Jane Brientnall, b. November 2, 1900.

Ralph Peters and his family reside in Columbus, Ohio. He has a prominent position in his adopted State, is General Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Railroad lines west of Pittsburg, general

Superintendent of the C. & M. V. R. R. Co., also of the C. X. & N. R. R. Co. A vestryman of Trinity Episcopal Church, Columbus, a "Son of the American Revolution," etc.

4. Edward Conyngham, b. October 23, 1855, m. Helen Wimberly Nov. 19, 1878.

Helen Wimberly, daughter of Ezekial Wimberly and Mary Victoria Holt of Baker county, Georgia.

Edna Wimberly, b. Oct. 13, 1885. Edna, b. Oct. 25, 1889; d. July 4, 1890.

Edward C. Peters, President Peters Land Co., member of the city council of Atlanta, President of the Inter-State Fair Association and of the Atlanta Savings Bank—Junior Warden of All Saints' Episcopal Church. Since the death of his father in 1888, all the management of the Peters Estate has been under his charge.

5. Catherine Conyngham, b. ~~October 23~~ ^{February 11}, 1858, unmarried.

6. Joseph Thompson, b. June 24, 1861; d. Sept. 6, 1862.

7. Stephen Elliott, b. July 27, 1863; d. June 25, 1864.

8. Charles Quintard, b. July 16, 1866; d. August 2, 1894.

9. Anna May, b. March 16, 1868; m. Henry Morrell Atkinson April 5, 1888.

Henry Morrell Atkinson, b. November 13, 1862, son of George Atkinson and Elizabeth Staigg of Brookline, Mass.

May Peters Atkinson as the wife of one of Atlanta's leading capitalists, is prominent both in social and church affairs.

Issue: May Peters, b. October 15, 1889; Henry Morrell, b. Feb. 23, 1892.

1. William Allison (son of William Graham Peters and Eugenia E. Coryell), b. March 8, 1858; m. June 6, 1889, Francis Akers Van Wyck, of San Francisco, Cal.

Francis Akers Van Wyck, daughter of Sidney McMerchen Van Wyck and Nannie Crittenden.

Issue: William Allison, b. May 20, 1890; Sidney Van Wyck, b. June 16, 1891; Katherine Eugenia, b. Aug. 1, 1893; Churchhill Crittenden, b. February 2, 1898.

William Allison resides at Seattle, Washington,—he is a lawyer of the firm of Peters and Powell, and also a dealer in real estate.

2. Catherine Sophia, b. March 28, 1856; d. February, 1882; unmarried.

3. Eugenia Coryell, b. May 13, 1866; d. August, 1884.

1. Charles Edmund Dana (of Sarah Helen Peters and Edmund Lovell Dana), b. January 18, 1843; m. Emily Holtenback Woodbury November 29, 1870.

Emily Woodbury, b. August 29, 1851, daughter of Peter Trask Woodbury and Sarah Cist of Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Issue: Milicent Woodbury, born at Paris, France, April 22, 1880; Ralph McClintock, b. September 25, 1882; d. Sept. 10, 1889.

Charles Edmund Dana is an artist of recognized talent. He is president of the Philadelphia Water Color Club, Professor of Art at the University of Pennsylvania, and a generous contributor to the instruction of the youths of Philadelphia on artistic and literary subjects.

1. Samuel Winslow Miller (son of Francis Peters and Maria Louise Miller) b. July, 1847; m. Julia De Veaux Powell November 12, 1873.

Julia de Veaux Powell, daughter of Robert Hare Powell and Amy L. Bradley of Philadelphia.

Issue: Maria Louisa Miller, b. February 7, 1876. (Centennial year); Amy S. Powell, b. March 4, 1882.

2. Maria Bedinger, b. —; m. — Simon F. Barstow, U. S. A.; d. Wiesbaden, Germany, March 3, 1894.

3. Evelyn Willing, b. June 12, 1845; m. Craig Wharton Wadsworth March 31, 1869; d. January 27, 1886.

Craig Wharton Wadsworth, d. January 1, 1872. He was from Geneseo, New York, where lands were deeded to his ancestors, William and James Wadsworth, the first settlers in the county, known now as Livingston County, with the homestead in the village of Geneseo.

Issue: James S., b. February 14, 1870; Craig Wharton, b. Jan, 12, 1872.

4. Richard, b. —; unmarried.

5. Thomas Willing, b. November 3, 1854; m. (1st) Minerva Maconib, March 16, 1881.

Issue: John Macomb, b. March 7, 1882; Evelyn Willing, b. June 22, 1885.

Minerva Maccomb Peters d. —.

M. (2nd) Anne Bond Shober in 1901, daughter of Anne and Samuel Shober, of Philadelphia.

Issue: A daughter, d. —, 1903.

1. Thomas (son of Thomas and Hester Ann Cohen), b. Nov. 11, 1840; m. (1st) Kate Lindsay, November 20, 1867.

Kate Lindsay, daughter of Judge George F. Lindsay and Eleanor Knox of Mobile, Ala., d. December 2, 1888.

Issue: Ellen L., Thomas, Lindsay, Edward Johnson, Harry L., Kate C., Herbert A.

M. (2nd) Kate Leon Ross, October 28, 1891, daughter of Benj. F. Ross and Martha A. Childs, of Macon, Ga.

No issue.

2. Sallie, m. — Park, d. 1894.

Issue: Sadie, Harry.

3. Rebecca, d. unmarried.

4. Ralph, d. unmarried.

5. Eliza, b. —, 1850; m. Roberdeau Buchanan, of the Nautical Almanac of the U. S. Government, now residing in Washington, D. C.

No issue.

6. Jessie D. B., b. —; m. Willie Watson of Washington, D. C.

Issue: Jessie and Willie (twins), Hettie, Harold, Herbert.

SEVENTH GENERATION.

Thomas Peters (of Thomas and Kate Lindsay) m. June 7, 1899, Kate Lewis, of Hawkinsville, Ga.

Issue: Kate Lindsay, John Lewis.

Harry L. (same parents) m. Sept. 1, 1902, Beulah Moore, of Dalton, Ga.

James S. (of Evelyn W. Peters and Craig W. Wadsworth)
m. Dec. 18, 1895, Julia Kenneth Whittaker.

Issue: James Livingston, b. Oct. 12, 1897; son ——— b.
March 30, 1900.

Maria Louise Miller (daughter of Samuel Miller Peters
and Julia De Veaux Powell) m. November 30, 1903, Nicholas
Biddle, of Philadelphia, officer U. S. Army.

OLD FAMILY LETTERS

Copy of letter from Rebecca, daughter of Thomas Peters, of Baltimore, to her sister Ann, written from Belmont when she was visiting Judge Peters' family, (date, summer of 1810).

My dear Ann is surely determined to convince me that in this world, there is nothing like perfect happiness to be found, for had I heard of the health of my beloved family, nothing would have been wanting to render mine complete. Indeed Ann, you have not been as kind as you promised (not only you but all the girls), for certainly you must have been aware of my anxiety to hear from you all, so write immediately and let me know the state of the family—as it is the only care at present on my mind. Now I suppose you wish to hear something more of my friends here. I will go back to Uncle's return from Chester. Sally and himself returned accompanied by Molly Delaney, on Friday. He met me most affectionately, and expressed the pleasure it gave him to see me, indeed I should be ungrateful did I not say that all parts of the family have acted towards me, not only with attention, but affection. Sally, I knew to be a charming girl when I last met her, she is now the most polished, elegant woman I ever saw, she is more like her mother than any other being in existence, possessed of all that delightful sunshine of the breast, which endears her to all who know her, wherever she goes she diffuses happiness, her disinterestedness is truly noble. No one else has the same influence with her father and it is constantly exerted in favor of those parts of her family who most need her assistance, in consequence, she has not many articles she is entitled to.

Her engagement with Mr. Cameron is entirely dissolved, owing to various causes—in the first place, Uncle never consented, as he considers her so greatly Mr. C.'s superior in every respect, and to leave her father for ten years after being idolized by him, with the prospect of never seeing him again, to a mind of sensibility was unsupportable.

The idea of separation has been preying on her frame for months, until her health has fallen a sacrifice; this, instead of rendering her dearer to Mr. C, aroused his resentment, and when he should have soothed and supported, he reproached her with being spoiled by her family, which rendered a separation from them necessary, as she would not then expect those indulgences which their fondness now led her to look for.

To leave her country and friends in a declining state of health with a man not capable of appreciating the sacrifice, would have been certain death to her, and her brothers, after witnessing his want of affection to her, or more properly want of tenderness, insisted on her giving him up. The effort has nearly overcome her, but it has been made. Her brother Tom took her to the different watering places as much to relieve her mind as for the benefit of the waters, and it has in some measure succeeded, though she is still so low, that she never rides without being put to bed after it, still her efforts are wonderful and a stranger would pronounce her perfectly happy.

To me she has imparted everything and is perfectly justified, she deplored not being able to write me from the state of her mind and weakness of her eyes, and says if Mr. Stewart had come without me, she would have been obliged to go to Baltimore herself for me. Eliza Wilson and Margaret, purposed coming out to-day but the unfavorable appearance of the weather, I expect will prevent them.

On Sunday, we had quite a large family meeting. Jane Graham and Mrs. Tom Robinson's two children who are both grown up, came all the way from Chester to see and invite me to spend some time with them. Sally told me upon her return that Mr. Robinson had given her a most exalted character of Mama, and expressed a most anxious wish to see me for her sake, in fact if I could comply with only half of their requests, you need not expect to see me for twelve months at least.

I quite nettled Ralph by saying I was called a Johnson in Baltimore and as they had thought me a Peters, he said it implied inferiority on their side, which I did not hesitate to allow. However, this was only one of our frequent volleys and we are the best friends in the world. His wife is one of the most ami-

able of women, her infant reminds me of one of my friends at home, it is nearly as sweet as Fannie Jane.

Please have me a pair of shoes made by Marcellus—and send on by Mr. Stewart who will come on in the course of two weeks. I find everything quite as high here as at home, and have as yet made no purchases.

You will oblige me by sending the pattern of the bonnet you made last for Fannie Jane; and Kitty P. is so delighted with my sewing silk that she begs the favor of you to buy a half dollar's worth for which she will pay me, send it by Mr. Stewart.

I forgot to bring your jacket pattern, send me a copy to make my silk one, thus you see Baltimore has the preference.

I have not seen George Smith nor do I know if it will be in my power. Tom thinks E. W. a pretty little girl, but Margaret is most admired of the two. We have been to see them and I hope they are pleased with the attentions they receive. They have Mr. Gardiner's carriage at their command. Sallie has gone to town and I begged off, that I might have the pleasure of writing, for my time is so occupied that really I am obliged to "declare off" sometimes that you should not think yourselves neglected. The family desire to be remembered to you all. Give my best love to all at home and at Uncle Johnson's. I must steal time to write to my good friends at the Brewery, who hold a strong claim upon my affections, to say nothing of Sallie and Cameron, but to the family.

Yours affectionately,

R. P. (Rebecca Peters).

The original of this letter belongs to Thomas Peters, of Atlanta.

LETTER FROM WILLIAM PETERS TO HIS DAUGHTER.

England, Knutsford. 8th Jan., 1787.

Dear Daughter:

Agreeable to my letter of the 30th October to my son per Packet, I now send him and you each a parcel of flower seed, (one being a duplicate of the other) that you may stand a better

chance of one of ye parcels arriving safe. One of them goes by a vessel bound soon for Philadelphia, and ye other by way of New York, both from Liverpool. The seeds consist of an amazing variety of sorts, and if you are as fond of flowers as I am, they will afford you a great deal of pleasure and I shall be glad to hear from you how they succeed. And with my love to all your family, and best respects to your good brother, ye Colonel, I remain, dear daughter,

Very affectionately yours,

WILLIAM PETERS.

Original in possession of Mrs. Richard Peters of Atlanta.

Copy of letter from Elizabeth, wife of Ralph Peters, son of William Peters written from Plattbridge, England, September 15, 1789, to Judge Richard Peters of Belmont, Pa.:

I am commissioned by Mr. Peters (who was suddenly called from home on business) to write to you and to inform you of the death of your father, which event happened on the eighth instant, and on Saturday the twelfth he was, by his own desire brought here to be interred in a vault at Hindley. I think it was in April last he had a slight stroke of palsy, but soon recovered from that and appeared tolerably well until the latter part of August, when he had a more severe stroke which has proved fatal.

Mr. Peters was with him during the time of his illness. Mr. and Mrs. Gurtride were fortunately near him to assist in giving him every possible comfort. They are returned home. Being at Plattbridge, I must request Mr. Brown to forward this to you by the first opportunity and am sir,

Your very obedient servant,

ELIZABETH PETERS.

This was copied by Richard Peters and sent to his brother Thomas, reaching the latter in February 1790.

Copy of letter from Judge Richard Peters to his brother Thomas, of Baltimore. Date 1783.

DEAR TOM:

As I gave you some doubts about the happy issue of the negotiations for Peace, I think it incumbent on me by this

earliest opportunity to inform you that the Peace has taken place; Congress having received from the Marquis De La Fayette certain intelligence of the signature of the preliminaries which were agreed on between the belligerent powers, the twentieth of January last.

Count D'Estaing dispatched from Cadiz the Corvette *Triumph* to announce this agreeable intelligence. She is furnished with his orders to all vessels of the King of France to cease hostilities against Great Britain. She arrived here yesterday.

I am very affectionately yours,

RICHARD PETERS.

Philadelphia, 24th March, 1783.

A vessel is hourly expected with official dispatches.

The original of this letter is in the possession of Thos. Peters of Atlanta.

Notice of the death of Miss Sarah R. Peters, daughter of Judge Richard Peters:

Died suddenly at Philadelphia, on Tuesday, the 24th ultimo, in the sixty-fifth year of her age, Miss Sarah R. Peters, daughter of the late Judge Peters, of the District Court of the United States. The deceased passed the meridian of her life under the paternal roof at Belmont, long the seat of elegant and refined hospitality. Possessed of a great natural vivacity and of a vigorous intellect, highly cultivated, she was the life of her social circle. After the decease of her venerable father, she took up her abode in Philadelphia, from that period she withdrew from the gaieties of fashionable life. Retirement and reflection satisfied her mind that

“Tis not the whole of life to live, nor all of death to die.”

When her health would permit, she devoted a large portion of her time to works of benevolence and Christian charity. Her memory will long be cherished by a circle of friends and relatives in various parts of our Union. She left the world with the Christian's cheering hope that when she laid down the frail garment of mortality, she would exchange the fleeting scenes of earth for the joys and consolations of Heaven.



MRS. WILLIAM PETERS.
Nee Mary Brientnall.

This obituary was copied by Maria Peters, daughter of Thomas Peters of Baltimore, and sent to her sister, Rebecca Stansbury, accompanied by the following note:

"I was so delighted at meeting with this beautiful obituary, replete with Christian hope, that I copied it for my sister, Rebecca."

BRIENTNALL

The Brientnalls and Schoemakers, ancestors of Judge Peters' mother have many descendants in and near Philadelphia to-day. "Jacob Shoemaker, unmarried, came over from Cresheim, Germany, now Kingsheim, a little village on the Rhine in 1683. William Penn preached there and after he came to Pennsylvania, he sent to Cresheim an invitation for the people there to settle in Pennsylvania, where they could have toleration in their religious views. They came, Jacob Schoemaker with them, and founded the Frankfort Company, living in Frankfort, about six miles north of Philadelphia. The well known 'Pastorius' came with them. Jacob's two married brothers came over in 1684 and 1685, and have left many descendants. Jacob moved from Abington to Philadelphia about 1714-1715. A certificate in the Friends Meeting House states this, namely, that 'Jacob, Margaret his wife, his sons Thomas and Jacob and daughter Susanne are moving from Abington to Philadelphia at this time.' Jacob gave a portion of the lot on which the Friends Meeting House stands at Main and Coulter Streets, Germantown, for this purpose. Jacob's wife is believed to have been Margaret, daughter of Richard Grove, date of marriage unknown. His will is dated ninth month, 22d day, 1722. He leaves to his son-in-law, John Briennall, (it must be meant for Brientnall) five shillings. He had three sons, George, Thomas and Jacob. After the death of the widow, the will directs that his sons and their heirs shall inherit on condition that they pay one-fourth to his grandchildren, David and Mary *Brientnall* when they are twenty-one or married."

Extract from the Shoemaker family, by Thomas H. Shoemaker.

LETTER FROM MRS. RICHARD PETERS, JR.

Barker, Pa., Monday, May 22, 1901.

MY DEAR NELLIE:

I went up to town Saturday (Philadelphia) and looked up Mary Andrews' will. I saw the original. It is very long and interesting. She nowhere mentions Mary Brientnall's mother or father (they were dead in 1757, when the will was written). She mentions Mary and her husband, William Peters, many times, always calling her, her niece, but in one place she speaks of her, then says in parenthesis, "I, being her *great* aunt." She speaks of other Brientnall nieces, "Jane, Esther and Ann." Ann was of course the Anna, great grandmother of Miss Whitesides. Miss Andrews speaks of her nephew, George Brientnall. "To William Peters and his wife Mary and the survivor of them" she leaves a tankard marked E. A. which belonged to Sir Edmund Andrews, (Andros) formerly Governor of New York. "To William Peters, one hundred pounds as a grateful acknowledgment and full recompense and satisfaction for his extraordinary attendance and trouble in advising and assisting me in the management of my affairs." She speaks of her father's coat of arms. She leaves ten pounds for the poor of Philadelphia to be distributed yearly at Christmas, by William Peters in consultation with the Rector and Church Wardens of Christ Church. I wonder if it is still carried out? I tried to find out from the Will, how she was related to Mary Peters, but, except for that one sentence, "I being her great aunt," there is no indication. Miss Whitesides says John Brientnall's father and mother were David Brientnall and Jane Blancher, therefore Mary Andrews was not her sister. Susannah Shoemaker (John's wife) was the daughter of Jacob Shoemaker (Jacob's wife's name not given) Now it seems to me that Jacob's wife *must* have been Mary Andrews' sister, Susannah Brientnall her niece, and Mary Peters would then have been her great niece, as Mary Andrews states. Can you see any other way for the connection to be made?

I forgot to say that in the Will, Mary Andrews gives Richard Peters (Judge) her quarto Bible. I wonder if it is the one Charlie Dana has?

Affectionately yours, HATTIE P. PETERS.
Mrs. Richard Peters, Jr.

Note: This is only one of the many letters written me by Mrs. Peters showing her patient research and the great amount of trouble she took to get important statistics together. Her assistance was most valuable and has been most thoroughly appreciated by the writer.

LETTER FROM MR. FOSTER C. GRIFFITH

Trenton, N. J., Sunday, May 5, 1901.

MRS. NELLIE PETERS BLACK:

My Dear Madam: Your letter of the 29th of April came. Sarah Sharp married Thomas Mason of Salem. Thomas Mason's will, dated April 12, 1738, was proved May 6, 1740, and has mention of a son John "Harold" who was *unreliable*, says (Historical Fenwick's Colony, page 151) "John Mason, the son of Thomas and grandson of John Mason, senior, was born about 1729." John Mason was one of the witnesses to the will of Margaret Rowan, dated August 8, 1770. Margaret being sister to Sarah Mason. In his will dated March 15, 1734 or 5, Isaac Sharp mentions four daughters, namely, Mary Sharp, Sarah Mason (alias Sharp), Rachel Sharp and Margaret Sharp. Anthony Sharp writing at Rowan Wood in Ireland, April 30, 1743 to his younger brother Isaac at Blessington near Pleam (?) in West Jersey in America begins, "I received yours from 'Tom Robinson'" and says, "I have paid Robinson ye laste of his wife's fortune, though he did not bring with him Mason's will, as I might see how Mason left his substance."

The Robinsons and Sharps were not strangers before Tom Robinson married the widow Mason, a deed dated Sept. 3rd, 1731, executed in Ireland or in England, between Isaac Sharp,

father of Sarah Mason, and his oldest son Anthony, was witnessed by *Abraham Robinson* of the city of Dublin, merchant. Query: Was this Abraham father of Tom Robinson? An instrument dated Feb. 14, 1735-6, executed, by Anthony in Ireland, was "sealed and delivered in the presence of me, this Jan. 26, 1737-8. Thomas Robinson" and 24 July, 1738, Robinson before John Wills, one of the King's Counsel, for the Province of New Jersey, "upon his solemn affirmation did declare that he was present and saw the within named Anthony Sharp 'sign seal and execute the within instrument,' etc. Thos. Robinson died intestate in 1766, his widow Sarah and his son Abraham Robinson, administered, giving a bond for 2000 pounds dated 21 Aug., 1766, with John Mease and Joseph Richardson as sureties, John Mason being a witness thereto. More information probably may be had from wills and administrations in the office of the register of wills, and also in Orphan's Court Pockets, No. 8, 9, 10 in Philadelphia. Somewhere there is record of administration for another Sarah Robinson of Burlington Co., New Jersey. Since your letter came, I have left at the Historical Society rooms a written account of the Sharp family which Mrs. Jordan will be very glad to let you see.

Very truly yours,

FOSTER C. GRIFFITH.

I send in a separate envelope some memoranda which Mr. Penrose R. Perkins, 26 South Fifteenth Street, Philadelphia, sent me some time ago.

PENROSE

Bartholomew Penrose and Hester Leech had two sons, Thomas and Bartholomew, Jr. Thomas married Sarah Coates. Bartholomew, Jr., married Mary Kirl.

Thomas and Sarah had children: Bart, who died young.

(1) Thomas who married Ann Dowding (see below).

John, James, Mary, Samuel, Bartholomew, Isaac, Benjamin and

(2) Jonathan, who married Ann Rowan (see below).

Bartholomew and Mary had children:

Mary who married Anthony Wayne.

(3) Sarah, who married Abraham Robinson (see below).
Margaret and Joseph.

(1) Thomas (son of Thomas) and Ann had issue:

Sarah, Thomas, Joseph, Ann, who married—Matthew,
William, who married Hannah Norwood, Mary, Joseph,
James, John, Richard, Charles, who married Ann Rowan.

(2) Jonathan (son of Thomas) and Ann had issue:

(Charles?) supposed to be his son, who married Ann
Rowan.

(B) Thomas Robinson and Sarah Sharp (or Mason) had
issue, i.e.:

Margaret, who married Sharp Delaney

Sarah, who married Richard Peters

(3) Abraham, who married Sarah Penrose

Thomas, who married Mary Coates.

(3) Abraham Robinson and Sarah Penrose had issue:

Thomas, who married Catherine Graham

Mary, who married James Melvain

Margaret unmarried.

(3-a) Sarah, who married Thomas Perkins

Anthony, who married Sarah Adams

(3-b) Penrose, who married Janet Bayley

Juliana, who married David Hoopes

(3-A) Thos. Perkins and Sarah Robinson had issue:

Thos. Jefferson, who married May H. Robinson, daughter
of Penrose.

Abram, who died young.

Abram Robinson, who married Margaret R. Penrose,
daughter of Charles.

(3-B) Penrose Robinson and Janet Bayley had issue:

Mary Hannah, who married T. J. Perkins—above.

Bayley, unmarried

Thomas Anthony, married—?

(C) John Rowan married Margaret Hill, born *Sharp*, sis-
ter of *Sarah Mason* and daughter of Isaac Sharp and had
issue:

(C) Thomas.

Ann, married Jonathan Penrose

(4) John, married Sarah Hall first, Lydia Howell second.

(4) John Rowan and Sarah Hall had issue:

Thomas, married Hetty Sinickson (?)

Margaret, married Jesse Keasley

Ann, married Charles Penrose

Elizabeth

And by his second wife, Lydia Howell, had Lydia Ann.

Information received from P. R. Perkins, 26 So. 15th Street, Philadelphia.

ROBINSON FAMILY

Thos. Robinson, son of Abraham Robinson (say 1684) and Jane Green of Moate, Co. of Westmeath, was born at Dolphin's Barn, near Dublin, Ireland, February 28th, 1714. Abraham Robinson was a merchant of Dublin. There is no record of when Thos. Robinson came to this country. He was married in Philadelphia in 1738 to widow Sarah Mason, whose maiden name was Sharp. She was the daughter of Isaac Sharp and Margaret Braithwaite, and Isaac Sharp was the son of Anthony, and *Mary Sharp*. Thomas Robinson and his wife Sarah, had children, among whom *Abraham Robinson* (No. 2) born in 1740. *Thos. Robinson* was killed in the Indian War of Pennsylvania in 1763 or '66. *Abraham Robinson* (No. 2) married Sarah Penrose, daughter of Bartholomew Penrose (No. 2) and Mary Kirl (see Penrose family) on Oct. 16th, 1767, died at Naaman's Creek, March 22, 1787. Sarah Robinson died 3-21-1791, daughter of Bart. Penrose (No. 2) had two sisters and one brother—Mary, who married General Anthony Wayne, Margaret, (no record of marriage or death), Joseph, no record of marriage or death, he was an officer in the Revolutionary War.

Abraham and Sarah Robinson had nine children. (1) Thomas, born July 29, 1768, died May 17, 1847. He was an officer in the U. S. Navy, commanded a gun-boat at Battle of Tripoli; being lieutenant and was greatly distinguished. He fought through the War of 1812 under Commander Tri-

don, on board the flag-ship "Constellation" and was in that desperate fight with the French frigate "La Vengeance," which struck her colors to the "Constellation." Afterwards he commanded an East India ship, until he retired to private life.

BLACK

George Robison Black, who was married to Mary Ellen Peters at St. Philip's church, Atlanta, by Rev. R. C. Foute, assisted by Bishop Beckwith, April 17, 1877, was a gallant officer in the Confederate army. He was Lieutenant-Colonel of the 63rd Georgia regiment, and was distinguished for his bravery and fearlessness. At the close of the war he was a member of the Constitutional convention which revised the laws of the State, was a Senator of the Georgia Legislature in 1877-78, and a Representative in the 47th Congress, U. S. A. As a lawyer, he was well known in every part of the State. He was stricken with paralysis while in Congress at Washington in March, 1882. His death occurred at Sylvania, Georgia, on November 3rd, 1886. In private and public life, by his tenderness and his nobility, he won the hearts of all who knew him.

OBITUARY NOTICES

The notices which were written at the time of Mr. Peters' death, February 6, 1889, attest to the estimation in which he was held by his fellow citizens:

Atlanta Journal, February 6, 1889.

COLONEL RICHARD PETERS

HIS DEATH AT HIS HOME THIS MORNING—HE PASSES
AWAY PEACEFULLY.

Colonel Richard Peters is dead.

He passed away peacefully at 4 o'clock this morning.

The announcement of Colonel Peters' death will be read with profound sorrow by all Atlanta.

He was taken sick some weeks ago, but was not confined to his bed until Saturday, when he began to decline, and did not rally afterwards.

Colonel Peters never grew old mentally, and up to the time of his sickness, although he was seventy-nine years of age, was as quick and as perceptive as a young man.

His children have been at his bedside since Monday, and have done all in their power to alleviate his suffering. He leaves a wife and seven children.

The children of Colonel Peters are: Richard Peters, Jr., of Philadelphia; Ralph Peters, of Cincinnati; Edward Peters and Quintard Peters, of Atlanta; Mrs. Nellie Peters Black, of Sylvania, Ga., widow of the late Congressman Geo. R. Black; Miss Catherine C. Peters, of Atlanta, and Mrs. May Peters Atkinson, wife of H. M. Atkinson, of Augusta, Ga. Quintard Peters is named for Bishop Chas. T. Quintard, of Tennessee, a very intimate friend of the family, who will take part in the funeral services.

He owned a large estate which is valued at a quarter of a million.

Bishop Quintard has been telegraphed for, and when he

arrives the hour for the funeral will be fixed. It will take place from St. Philip's Church, and the interment will be in Oakland cemetery.

Atlanta Constitution, February 8, 1889.

FUNERAL OF RICHARD PETERS.

HIS REMAINS FOLLOWED TO THE GRAVE BY A LARGE
CONCOURSE OF FRIENDS.

The funeral of Mr. Richard Peters was held yesterday afternoon at three o'clock in St. Philip's Church.

The church was filled and among those present were dozens of the most prominent men of this city.

The following gentlemen acted as escort: Colonel George W. Adair, Colonel L. P. Grant, Judge John L. Hopkins, Major Campbell Wallace, Senator Joseph E. Brown, and Governor R. B. Bullock.

The pallbearers were Messrs. J. W. Culpepper, S. M. Inman, J. R. Wylie, R. A. Anderson, Paul Romare, D. N. Speer, R. C. Clarke, and H. W. Grady.

The following gentlemen were ushers at the church: Messrs. J. T. Orme, J. S. Clarke, Dr. J. C. Olmstead, Dr. C. T. Brockett, and Mr. Taswell Dickson.

As the body was carried into the church, the organist, Professor Gilmore, played the funeral march in D minor, by H. Smart. St. Philip's choir, led by Rev. Mr. Holley, chanted the funeral anthem. "Lord, Let Me Know My End," to Fulton in C minor, and "Lead, Kindly Light."

The impressive service of the Episcopal church was then performed. Right Rev. C. T. Quintard conducted the service, assisted by Bishop Beckwith, Rev. Mr. Holley, Rev. Mr. Barrett and Rev. Mr. Williams, pastor of St. Paul's church in Augusta.

After the services at the church, the organist played Dyke's beautiful anthem, "In the Hour of Trial."

The services were concluded at the grave.

The scene here was a touching one. On the coffin was laid a plain palm leaf, and on the grave a perfect bank of beautiful floral offerings.

A TENDER TRIBUTE.

In the city court yesterday Mr. Henry Hillyer moved that the court take a recess at the close of the morning hour to allow counsel engaged before the court to attend the funeral ceremonies of Colonel Richard Peters.

Judge Van Epps, in acting on the motion, said: "Mr. Peters was not a member of the bar. He was a citizen of Atlanta whose life was interwoven with its history from its earliest period. He was, in the truest sense of the term, a distinguished citizen of the city and of the State, though his distinction has been won, not in the public glare, but in the private walks of a long, consistently upright, and benignant life.

"His death will be mourned as a public calamity. The court itself, its officers, and a number of the bar now engaged in business before the court, are affected by a sense of personal bereavement in the death of Mr. Peters, and desire to pay to his memory the last courtesy possible, before he is hidden away from sight of men. I think it proper to allow the motion, and shall order a recess at the close of the morning session, in order to allow attorneys, lifelong friends of the deceased, and officers of the court to attend his funeral."

Resolutions.—Exposition Cotton Mills Annual Meeting of Stockholders, 1889.

THE ANNUAL ELECTION

OF THE OFFICERS OF THE EXPOSITION COTTON MILLS
RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of the Exposition Cotton Mills was held at the Atlanta National Bank on yesterday at three o'clock. Reports of the officers were received and approved.

The following officers were re-elected for the ensuing year:
Major D. N. Speer, president.

Col. W. J. Garrett, vice-president.

Chas. D. Tuller, secretary.

Board of Directors.—W. J. Garrett, Hugh T. Inman, R. O. Clark, W. R. Hill, W. P. Inman, J. D. Turner, D. N. Speer, R. D. Spalding, E. C. Peters.

A committee reported the following resolutions on the death of Mr. Richard Peters, which were read and adopted:

“Richard Peters, a member of the board of directors and one of the originators of the Exposition Cotton Mills, died at his residence in the city of Atlanta on the 6th day of February, 1889. Therefore,

“*Resolved*, That the board of directors have heard, with deep regret, of the death of Colonel Peters.

“We mourn the loss not only of a friend and associate, but of one of the wisest, best and most capable citizens of Georgia. The State had no son who in every walk of life did more to advance her general interest and public welfare. For more than fifty years Colonel Peters was a beacon light in Georgia, a useful and distinguished citizen of Atlanta from its infancy, and always a leader and among the foremost of those who sought to foster, encourage and develop the resources of our city and State. After a long life of usefulness he has gone to his reward, full of years, full of honors, crowned with the love and esteem of his fellow citizens. He will long be remembered by the people of his adopted State as a man of stainless character, of rectitude of purpose, an advanced and practical thinker and an actor in the times in which he lived.

“*Resolved*, That this testimonial of respect be entered in the minutes of the board of directors and that a memorial page be inscribed with the name of Richard Peters, and that a copy of these resolutions be furnished by the secretary to the family of the deceased and that they be published in the daily papers of the city.

W. J. GARRETT,
R. D. SPALDING,
W. P. INMAN,
Committee.”

Western and Atlantic Railroad Company.

IN MEMORIAM

"WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to smite three of the original lessees of the company by death since our last meeting;

"WHEREAS, One of the number, Mr. Richard Peters, is now a corpse at his late residence in this city, for interment this afternoon, and

"WHEREAS, Mr. Peters' loss is greatly deplored by this company, therefore, be it

Resolved, That in the death of Richard Peters the community has lost one of its most trusted and efficient business men, and one of its best citizens, and the lessees of the Western & Atlantic Railroad Company, of which Mr. Peters was an honored member, have lost one of the most faithful and attentive of their colleagues, whose fine business sense and whose integrity and high character entitled him to the confidence and respect of all with whom he was associated.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of Mr. Peters our sincere condolence in their sad bereavement, and sincerely trust the Author of all good may administer to them the consolation that earth can not give, and that in the spirit of Christian faith and Christian fortitude they may be able to say 'Thy will be done.'

Resolved, That the secretary of this company be instructed to furnish a copy of this preamble and resolution to the family of Mr. Peters."

I certify that the foregoing is a true copy of a preamble and resolution adopted at the annual meeting of the Western & Atlantic Railroad Company, held February 7, 1889.

C. T. WATSON, Secretary.

From Southern Cultivator and Dixie Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

SYDNEY HERBERT.

Our club has lost by death a large number of distinguished members, but not one who was more in sympathy with its purposes than the late Col. Richard Peters, of Atlanta. Although a veteran in years, he was as young in heart as the youngest in our ranks, and his cheerful manner always inspired young farmers who listened to his advice, and made them stronger and more hopeful of good results. He was of a fatherly, kindly nature, and in his home life exerted an influence, aided by his noble wife, which moulded into strong, symmetrical, useful men and women the children that were born to him. His home was a training-school for both the girls and the boys, and no idle hands took advantage of wealth secured by parental activity and industry. His example at home made itself felt abroad, through the well-developed characters of his children, and this gave weight and influence to his words of counsel and advice to other parents and their less favored children. Amid all his business enterprises and money-getting, Colonel Peters never lost his interest in agriculture, and his fine farm in Gordon county will long stand as a monument to his progressive ideas and his liberal contributions to the improvement of live stock and farming lands in the South. Our Club will miss his always hearty, cheerful greetings and ever-ready words of advice, and the name of no deceased member will be longer cherished in our hearts with feelings of grateful remembrance. His son, Mr. Edward C. Peters, who succeeds to the care of the farm, is one of our most estimable young members, and Mrs. Peters and her daughter, Mrs. Nellie Peters Black, are numbered with our most distinguished associate members. To them, and to all the stricken family, the Club extends its most sincere condolence.

Editorial by Henry W. Grady, in the Atlanta Constitution, February 7, 1889.

THE LATE RICHARD PETERS

A life well spent—a race well run—a fight well fought—this can be written in truth above the grave that will to-day receive the mortal remains of Mr. Richard Peters!

As we write these words, two pictures stand before us bearing counterfeit of his face. At twenty, a face of singular beauty and strength—at seventy-five, a face of quiet resolution and dignity. Always the admirable man behind the face—gentle and yet earnest—capable, determined, and broad-minded—lighting every feature with conscious integrity and power—and yet toning down the whole with a breathing but unspoken tenderness and loyalty. Rarely has any man worn such a face—less often has he brought it through the storms and conflicts of more than three-quarters of a century unscarred by the passions that, striking from heart and soul and brain, furrow and burn through the flesh—rarer still, that wearing patience and faith and cheer even unto the end—he renders back to God the features unstained, the pristine gentleness unsullied, nothing writ thereon that might not be lost in a smile, a kiss, a tear! Who that saw that face in the past year failed to know the man or can ever forget it? The flickering smile that age and infirmity never dislodged—the pure and limpid deeps of the eyes that held the shadow no longer than the brook speeding beneath shifting clouds—the cheeriness, the almost boyish alertness, the sincerity, the quick speech—how it all comes back, even beating its welcome way beneath the eyelids that droop—as we think of him. Of truth it may be said of this face—now resting in the coffin yonder—that, though dead, it speaketh! Speaks of a clean and honest and busy and useful life—speaks of days well spent—of long nights of rest—of the peace of the heart and soul—of duty done, of temperate and decorous years, of loving and being loved, of large-ordered

movements without petulance or haste, and at last, alas!—but even then its wistful patience—of becoming weary and of falling asleep! Asleep at eighty, as at twenty! Then, at the end of a toilsome day—now, at the end of a long life. Then, to wake on the morrow—now, to wake in the Infinite. Then, to wake amid friends and with them walk accustomed rounds—now, to wake with Death and to go down alone into the River, whose uttermost waters beat on dread and unknown shores! And yet, asleep at eighty as at twenty. Resting in Death as in sleep! Patience, faith, beseeching trust—the conscience void of offense—the peace that passeth understanding—how many of us, wearing these precious things through life, shall bring them as this man has brought them, even unto the grave?

In contemplating Death, the details that interest in Life lose their force. It is only that we bring to the coffin with us, that is worthy. The triumphs of a day—its defeats—the great affairs that stir the blood and quicken the pulse—all these are paltry when Death calls for a summing up and garners into the grave the broken and scattered playthings of the hour that we call Life! In that majestic moment the verdict is written in a flash, and it is the just sum of all things. In this verdict, Richard Peters will be loved and honored, even when the story of his useful and distinguished life is forgotten.

To his loving family goes out the sympathy of all this people. And especially to her, who, for more than fifty years, has walked by his side, and who all her life has sought out the suffering that she might minister unto them. May God pour into her heart to-day the healing that her presence and her words have so often poured into the hearts of the friendless, the bereaved and the desolate!

